

Calling All GIRLS



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Magazine For Girls

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Mayor Martin's Daughter

Cap thought he had planned an exciting afternoon for Connie—but it was nothing to what Connie thought up!

By ADAM ALLEN
Author of "Water to Burn"
and "Dollar a Share"

CONNIE bit into a piece of toast and stared fixedly across the breakfast table at the newspaper behind which Mayor Martin was consuming his own breakfast.

"I should think," she remarked, with a deliberately thoughtful note in her voice, "I should think that even if you do have a lot of terribly important municipal problems on your mind, you'd want to talk to your only daughter once in a while."

"What, dear? Oh." The Mayor of Centerville lowered the paper and smiled. "I'm sorry, Connie. As a matter of fact, it wasn't a city problem that was bothering me at all. I was just reading that old Mrs. Blake's house and all her furniture are going to be auctioned off today. Made me feel badly—that used to be the show place of town, and George Blake was so proud of it."

"But, Dad!" Connie put her toast down. "Why? Mrs. Blake will be out of the hospital pretty soon, and where'll she go if she's sold her house?"

"I'm afraid she wouldn't be able to go anywhere if she didn't sell it, Connie. There wasn't a cent left when George died. Nobody could understand it—he'd always had plenty, and he was certainly the sort of man who would do everything he could to leave his wife well-provided for. But there it is." He shook his head and his eyes looked troubled.

"But that's awful! Dad, can't

you do something about it?"

"I'm afraid not. She wouldn't accept help." Mayor Martin got heavily to his feet. "I suppose it's a comparatively minor matter, too, compared to lots of other sad things that are happening these days. But somehow I..." He bent down and kissed the top of Connie's red head, and then cleared his throat brusquely. "Mrs. Blake's a wonderful old lady. I suspect she's more philosophical about this than I am. And now I'll have to run, puss. See you at

dinner." And he left quickly.

Connie sat thinking of Mrs. Blake. Then suddenly she jumped up. It was Saturday and she didn't have to go to school. She'd visit Mrs. Blake at the hospital; it wasn't much to do, but it was better than nothing.

It was late when she got back home, and Cap Riley came by to take her to the basketball game before she had finished her lunch.

"Got your voice in good shape?" he demanded cheerfully. "We're going to win today, so you'd better be ready to yell your head off."

"What? Oh, yes. Of course." Cap looked at her curiously.



Connie balanced precariously on one rung and pulled herself up to the open window.



There stood the old harmonium. With hands that shook, Connie reached out and lifted the hinged top to peer inside.

"What's gnawing at your little subconscious?" he asked after a moment. "Come on. You're not thinking about a basketball game. Tell me what it is so we can get it over with. I don't want the whole afternoon ruined."

"Don't be funny," Connie said, and there were sudden tears in her eyes. "I guess you wouldn't laugh if you had to sell the house you'd lived in for thirty years and where you were so—so terribly happy. And she knows it must have been an accident that he didn't leave her any money—he always told her he had saved a lot so she'd be all right if he died. But the bank says she's mistaken. And she's going to live in a terrible hole of a room somewhere, and she can't even save the harmonium because there won't be a place for it."

"I see." Cap found himself staring at Connie's hastily turned back, and he heard a telltale sniff. "It's all quite clear, of course, except that little bit

time, you know."

"So do auctions," Connie whispered to herself. And then she whirled to face him. "Cap, how much money have you got? I have a dollar and a half. Let's go to the auction instead, and maybe we can buy some little thing for her—you know, something small that she can take with her. Please, Cap."

"Are you crazy? This is the biggest game of the season! And I have exactly enough for our two tickets, and if you don't want to go why didn't you say so when . . ."

Ten minutes later Connie hurried him along the last block toward the big Blake house on top of the hill.

"Come on. You know they don't let you look at things after the selling begins. And we want to decide what to buy."

But when they entered they discovered they were already too late.

"Item twelve: Six kitchen chairs. What am I bid, ladies and gentlemen?" the auctioneer

at the end about the harmonium. "I'll admit that has me stumped." Cap sounded stumped.

"The harmonium was the first thing Mr. Blake bought for her when they were married," Connie gulped.

"Oh." And after a minute he added, "Well, I'm sorry, Connie—about Mrs. Blake, I mean. At least I guess that's whom you've been talking about. But we can't do anything, so—look, Con, are you ready to go to the game? Those things usually start right on

was booming, and an eager housewife in the crowd that filled the living room and overflowed into the hall said immediately, "Fifty cents!"

"Oh, dear," Connie murmured.

"Maybe we ought to just give up and go to the game."

"We certainly will not," Connie clutched his arm. "We'll stay right here and buy something if it's only a—a . . ." She fell silent, desperately trying to remember if Mrs. Blake had mentioned anything that morning that she especially liked—except the harmonium, of course, and that would be impractical.

Connie had spent most of the visit reading aloud letters Mr. Blake had written his wife during his many business trips.

"If you wouldn't mind, my dear," Mrs. Blake had said shyly, pulling the package of yellowing envelopes from beneath her pillow. "I can't use my eyes now—and the letters bring him so close somehow."

"Of course." But Connie had had to swallow hard for a moment before she began. Another woman might have blamed her husband for leaving her penniless, but the blue eyes under Mrs. Blake's soft white hair were full of love and admiration.

"Item thirteen. One harmonium!"

Connie stiffened at the ripple of laughter that arose. Couldn't people imagine what it must mean to give up something you'd lived with and looked after for years? She was glad Mrs. Blake wasn't around to hear them. Especially now. Because all Mr. Blake's letters had ended, "Take care of the harmonium and yourself, darling." Why, it was a part of their love.

"Imagine anyone buying one of those old things," someone said. But the amused voice had scarcely spoken when it was drowned by a sharp masculine tone, barking, "One dollar!"

"What do you want with that old piece of junk, Barnett?" Connie heard a man inquire.

And something clicked sud-

(Continued on page 56)

TAYLOR-MAID Success



Elizabeth Taylor, a newcomer to the screen, shows the Wild West heroes a thing or six about riding

By STEPHANIE O'BRIEN

ON Elizabeth Taylor's fourth birthday, her godfather gave her a pony. But the pony wasn't one of those docile, soft-eyed little creatures that every child sits astride at least once to have a picture taken. Elizabeth's birthday pony was a wild animal that nobody could tame, and four-year-old Elizabeth had never had a riding lesson! When you see Elizabeth ride in a steeplechase in her new picture, "National Velvet," you'll know how she made out with her first riding experience seven years ago!

Elizabeth seemed to know by instinct how to handle horses, and only a few months after her birthday she was riding like a veteran and taking high jumps. Furthermore, she was the only person the high-spirited pony would obey.

Elizabeth is following in the steps of her American actress mother, Sara Sothern, who was a stage favorite in her day. It was when Sara Sothern was appearing in London that she met and married Francis Taylor, an

art dealer. Elizabeth was born in London on June 27, 1932. Soon after that the family went to live in the gamekeeper's lodge of Colonel Cazalet, Elizabeth's godfather. The fourteen-room lodge was built in the eighteenth century and was the setting of Jeffrey Farnol's mystery-thriller, *The Broad Highway*.

When the Taylors moved back to London, Elizabeth

Elizabeth loves to ride Prince Charlie, her favorite jumper.

After dinner, Mrs. Taylor helps daughter Elizabeth memorize her newest screen role.



attended the Byron House Girls' School until just before the war, when Mr. Taylor decided the English capital wouldn't be safe for his family. Pasadena, California, was a safe refuge from the blitz of 1940.

"I was bewildered at first by the hustle and bustle and confusion in the United States," Elizabeth admits, "but I soon got over that because Americans are so friendly."

Though she loved England and missed it at first, it wasn't long before Elizabeth was completely won over by her life here and the friends she made. Strangers always remarked about her close resemblance to Vivian Leigh and said Elizabeth ought to be in pictures. So when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was casting for "Lassie Come Home," the Taylors decided to let their daughter try for a part. After a screen test, Elizabeth was promptly signed by MGM for the role of Priscilla in Eric Knight's beautiful story of the love of a boy for his dog.

It was while Elizabeth was working at the studio on her second picture, "The White Cliffs," that she heard about the part of Velvet in the Enid Bagnold novel, *National Velvet*, which MGM was preparing for the screen. After reading the story of a fourteen-year-old girl, a piebald horse, and an English steeplechase, Elizabeth determined to get the part of Velvet. The studio was searching the United States and

Canada for a girl English in appearance and manner and able to ride well. Elizabeth knew she would have stiff competition and even though she was an expert horsewoman she spent hours every day practicing riding and jumping. Elizabeth had another screen test and waited impatiently for the verdict.

"She may be able to ride," the producer said, "but she's too small for the part."

Elizabeth was downhearted, but as no other actress had been chosen for the part of Velvet, she refused to be discouraged. She ate more than she had ever eaten in her life and added an extra two hours' sleep each night. Some months later when she appeared before the Board of Education doctor who examines young movie stars, he couldn't believe it. Elizabeth had grown three inches! Mr. Berman, the producer, was equally amazed to see a tall young lady.

"I told you I would grow, Mr. Berman, and so I did," Elizabeth said calmly. "Now will you watch me ride?"

And that's how a producer and several MGM executives happened to be at the Riviera Country Club one afternoon while a slim, lithe eleven-year-old girl put a horse through its paces. Amazed, at her daring, speed, and grace, the studios wasted little time in giving Elizabeth the role of Velvet.

Horses aren't Elizabeth's only pets. Of course, Prince Charlie,

the jumper at the stables, is her favorite. After she rides Prince Charlie, Elizabeth feeds him and brushes him.

"That's the way I've really become acquainted with him," she smiled.

But next in affection are three dogs and two cats that Elizabeth shares with her brother Howard. One of the dogs, Monty, is the only English golden retriever in the United States. Spot is a brown and white springer spaniel, and Twinkle is a cocker spaniel. Jeepers and Creepers are the two cats. Elizabeth likes any outdoor sport and, after riding, her favorites are rollerskating and bicycling. Elizabeth's special hobby is her fine collection of dolls, and she loves to design and make clothes for them. How she manages to keep up with all her interests and hobbies is a mystery because besides her regular schoolwork (she's a sixth grader at the studio school) Elizabeth goes to dramatic school on the lot, takes piano lessons, studies and learns her scripts, and is always prompt for rehearsals and shooting scenes. On top of all that, she manages to do her share of household chores, to read—horse stories preferred—and to have lots of friends.

This English-American girl whose thick-lashed, bright blue eyes and heavy brows give a special charm and character to her face, brings expert riding, fine acting, and a fresh new personality to the screen.

Even a young movie star's fine pets don't save her from the dish-drying chore that usually falls to the daughter of the house.



THE MYSTERY of the THIEVING SPOOKS

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Jill Watson wished that she could solve the mystery of the stolen bank bonds and win the \$1000 reward. But Babs Morley was more interested in Bayberry Hill's smaller robberies by the Spooks who stole strange things and left them in front of the Finnegan's house. The girls stopped off at Deadwood Isle to explore a house built by Mr. Ecks, who had been drowned and whose body had never been found. Before his death he warned that his spirit would haunt the island. The house was locked but Jill saw a tiny brown face at the window. The Morley house was robbed by the Spooks and Petunia, the maid, was bound and gagged. Sure there was a connection between Mr. Ecks' house and the Spooks, the girls went back to investigate. The house was open, but a door locked behind them and a ghostly voice like Mr. Ecks' filled the room. The girls escaped, but a storm wrecked their boat. They swam to a rocky ledge where Jill found a code message arranging a midnight meeting of the Spooks at Birchpoint Landing. But nobody was there except Mike, a dirty ragamuffin who had begged food from the Marleys. Back home, the girls received a warning from the Spooks. Jill and Babs returned to the rocky ledge to explore and stumbled on the Spooks' hideout. Stealthy footsteps in the tunnel sent them off in terror. They rushed to inform the sheriff, but it was evening before the girls could get him to the hide-out. The sheriff came out of the cave in a rage. It was empty! Now go on with Chapter Seven.

DINNER over, the two girls sat on Jill's porch steps the next evening, waiting for Dave and Ronnie. They scarcely heard Mrs. Watson when she said good night and went away to visit a sick friend. Absorbed in dark thoughts, both were silent for a time.

Finally Babs heaved a deep sigh and said, "We're jinxed. If the sheriff had only been in yesterday, the Spooks wouldn't

A giant's face at the window, another warning—where would tonight's chase across the water lead Jill and her friends?

By ISABELLE COREY

have had time to empty the cave and get away."

Jill nodded gloomily. Then an almost hopeful note crept into her voice.

"You know, Babs," she said, "we might learn something if we tried to put together all the clues we've had and lost. Let's go over everything that's happened. First there's the basket left on the Finnegan's doorstep. Who left it and why?"

"Obviously the Spooks," Babs said. "They wanted somebody

else to shoulder the blame."

Mike was next on the list, though Babs refused to see any connection between him and the Spooks.

"Don't forget he was in your house the day before it was robbed," Jill pointed out. "He had a good chance to get a plan of the house then."

"It was just coincidence," Babs said.

"Coincidence?" Jill raised her eyebrows. "What about Birchpoint Landing? Did he

The tray crashed to the floor. Jill, eyes wide with terror, stared at the window.





"There's a boat straight ahead of us," Dave whispered. "It isn't moving, but listen . . ."

just happen to be there at the same time the Spooks were supposed to meet?"

"He was fishing," Babs began, and broke off as she remembered the dead fish Mike had pulled out of the water.

"That's just it," Jill said, as if reading her friend's mind. "And remember the eeling boat? It was coming toward the dock until Mike suddenly whipped out his flashlight. And besides, there was that pair of small shoes we found in the Spooks' cave. Who but Mike would wear them?"

"But, Jill, maybe . . ."

Suddenly, without any apparent reason, Jill hushed Babs, and became watchfully alert. "There's somebody out there!" she whispered.

"I don't hear anyone. Oh! What was that?"

"A twig snapped. Somebody is prowling!"

All at once the night seemed filled with a thousand eyes and ears, listening to and spying on their conversation.

"Let's go in," Babs said, glancing quickly at the dim outline of the shrubs in front of the house. "Anybody could hide there and hear everything."

In the living room, with all

the lamps lighted, the two girls felt more comfortable.

"Doesn't it strike you as strange that there were so few things in that cave?" Jill's blue eyes were speculative as she continued. "I wonder if they have another hiding place. Because why would they leave notes for each other if they were all together? Another hiding place would explain how they could get everything out of the cave so quickly."

Babs agreed that it sounded logical: "But where are the Spooks now?" she said.

Jill sighed. "If only Mr. Ecks' house weren't so completely abandoned—thick dust and everything—I'd swear the Spooks were there. Where else could they possibly be?" She broke off suddenly and leaned forward. "Babs, I just remembered something! Something Mr. Ecks said to me last summer."

"What did he say?" Babs cried, catching Jill's excitement.

"I was alone in the sailboat and when I got up to his house, he was just coming out of the door. He waved and smiled when he saw me. Said he had been watching me and I was a fine sailor, knew how to handle a boat."

Babs' face fell. "Is that all? Why, I could have told you that. Jill, you're not fishing for

compliments, are you?" she asked with a laugh.

Jill shook her head impatiently. "Don't you see what that means? He was in the house, yet he saw me before I reached it. He wouldn't have been able to see me from the first floor as I approached from the mainland."

"You mean he saw you from the second floor!" Babs exclaimed. She stared incredulously. "Still—I don't see how that means the Spooks are there. There's no staircase. Besides, if they were in the house, we would have seen their footprints in the dust. They would have to go through the front door."

"Maybe there is another way," Jill said. "I'm going to do some snooping in that house tomorrow. I don't care who says it's haunted. I still don't believe in ghosts."

She glanced at the clock and stood up. "Think I'll get some Cokes. The boys will be here any minute."

Babs said something about restringing her red and white bracelet, and went up to Jill's bedroom to get it.

In the kitchen Jill could hear Babs return to the living room. She heard the beads as they rolled onto the coffee table.

"Need any help?" Babs called out.

"No, thanks. Be there in a



The thing began to take shape, whirling and twisting in the most ghostly manner.

minute," Jill answered.

Jill placed the four bottles on a tray with glasses and some cookies and pushed the swinging door. Careful lest a bottle fall over, she walked slowly toward Babs who was clearing a space for the tray on the table. A crumpled piece of paper on the floor near the table caught her attention. It wasn't the paper so much as the few words she was able to glimpse—"Macanny" and "Ghostly Trio" in large print.

"Babs, where did that paper come from?"

"The Spooks' cave. I wrapped my bracelet in it."

"Did you notice . . . Oh!"

Suddenly the tray, glasses, cookies crashed to the floor. And Jill, her eyes wide with horror, was staring at the open window.

"Jill, what's the matter?" Babs cried, jumping to her feet.

"That!" Jill whispered as she struggled to control herself. "Babs, it—it's a monster!"

Babs whirled around, found

herself staring into wild red-rimmed eyes leering in from the open window. Never had she seen such a fiendishly evil face. Its deathlike pallor was heightened by a tangled mass of red hair and beetle brows of the same color. It was like a grotesque mask, a gargoyle, with its misshapen mouth twisted into a sardonic grin.

Before Babs could catch her breath, the monster, for that was the only word both girls could find to describe it, vanished from sight.

"It can't be!" Babs gasped. "It can't be human!"

"But—we saw it," Jill said. "What do you suppose it wanted?"

A loud pounding on the front door interrupted her. For a moment both girls stood rigid with terror. Then they heard a familiar shout.

"Hey, anybody home?"

"It's Ronnie," Babs cried, running to the door. "Thank goodness, you've come!"

Rather overwhelmed by the

greeting they got, both boys were at a loss for words. Then Dave saw the mess of shattered glass and cookies on the floor.

"How'd that happen?" he asked Jill.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Dave protested after Jill told him what they had just seen. "That window is at least seven feet from the ground. It would have to be a giant."

"Then it was a giant," Babs said. "The giant."

Jill went over to the window and looked out. Her gaze wandered from the ledge to the ground below before turning back to the room. Suddenly she stiffened.

"What is it?" Babs whispered.

"I don't know." Jill's voice sounded strange. "It doesn't move. Come here, all of you. Can you see it?" She pointed to a white blur on the ground within the dim circle of light from the window.

"Yes. It's roundish, and . . ." Babs broke off with a start.

(Continued on page 36)

Girls in the NEWS

TORONTO DAILY STAR
Chicago Daily Tribune
San Francisco



1

1—Hi-Style Scouts. At a party given by the Spool Cotton Co., on the Hotel Pierre Roof, New York, for **CALLING ALL GIRLS** some of our Hi-Style Scouts—(left to right) Doris Piserchia, Doris Hochstadter, Marie Pipi, Judy Long, Doris Batson, Madeline McGuigan, Terry Marshall—show clothes and accessories they made themselves. *Larry G. and Staff*



2

2—She knows her lines. Guest star Dede Rathjen, 1, of Leonia, N. J., tells Nancy Craig about how she is learning to design and make clothes at the special classes for young people given by the Traphagen School of Fashion New York. Besides making new outfits for herself, Dede gives new life to old ones. *Michael Caputo Photo*

3—Girl of Leningrad. Credit for Nazi disasters in Russia goes to the Red Army and also to the fighting spirit of girls like 16-year-old Galya Boldosova, who stuck to her aircraft spotter's post during the siege of Leningrad. *Sinfatu*

4—Back the attack. Pupils of the Madrona School, Seattle, Wash., proudly sign up for their bonds during the Third War Loan Drive. They earned the money themselves in their free time doing odd jobs like picking currants, taking care of children, and caddying. *International News Photo*



3



4

Take a Look at *YOUR*

You'll begin to understand them, and then you can meet them on their own ground

By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO
Author of "When Children Ask"

TO discover that parents are also people—to discover it, that is, with the emotions and not merely with a yes-yes shake of the head—is one of the amazements of growing up. Not every girl makes the discovery, but then not every girl grows up, no matter how old she may live to be. The discovery is particularly difficult because parents live in a world apart and children have no means of transportation into it. Indeed, the situation would be quite hopeless and a new generation might never understand the group ahead of them except for one knock-out fact: Sometime between the ages of twelve and fifteen, children become adolescents and gates swing open.

Practically speaking, an adolescent is a human being newly aware that something can be done about problems—his own and other people's. A child accepts problems, including parents. He adapts to his parents through obedience, agreement, deceit, or some other not too self-conscious behavior. But an adolescent does not accept difficulties as unalterable factors of environment, not even his parents. We might as well admit that there are times when parents appear to be a problem, yours to you as theirs were to them. Yes, and you will be a problem to your children on one of these tomorrows.

Now a problem, of course, is merely something we haven't figured out yet. Once you see through a difficulty—how it got



You the glamorous belle of the ball, the acclaimed star of a concert, the happy bride of an adoring groom—these are among your mother's unspoken dreams of you.

that way and what to do about it—the problem becomes an adventure. Finding out how parents are people is a livelier undertaking than reading *Don Quixote* in the original. But when you want to read a book of adventure, you don't hold it three inches from your eyes. Same with parents. One has to get perspective if she wants to get understanding.

Life is not over for them. That's the first realization in understanding parents. Take, for instance, your parents' education. You know that for your-self life has scarcely begun because you are still in school and learning. They are out of school—but learning. The urge to grow, to learn, to make mean-

ing out of experience is probably the deepest, toughest urge in human nature. Unless parents have deliberately smothered their curiosity and sealed their minds, you can count on it that they are still struggling with their own education. How are they getting along?

This is your chance to size them up. If they pick up each day as one might lift a dull and heavy load, if their dispositions have worn thin and their flare for life seems about to drizzle out, the chances are that their way of growth is barred. The longing "to be and become" is so much deeper than the conscious mind that they may not even know what ails them. When parents feel stymied,

PARENTS



when they know they aren't getting any place, dreadful things happen to their joy and patience and understanding. Look at your mother carefully. What would she rather do than what she is doing? Has she always longed to go on with her music? Or take up gardening, or be a beauty operator, or teach math, or paint barns? Find out what her growing edge may be and you'll begin to see that she is a person—just as you are.

Love is not over for parents. Once, of course, your mother was your father's girl-friend. Once he wasn't sure of her at all. Maybe she wasn't even sure of him. They were in love. Being "in love" is different from steadfastly loving each other day after day, the way they do now. Being in love is less satisfactory, maybe, but more exciting. Then they were married. Marriage is one of the shared quests for the good life, but it does not automatically close one's eyes to the rest of the world. Even at her age, your mother is just as aware as you are that rayon isn't nylon and that unbrushed hair won't burnish. As for your father—being married does not keep him from seeing the fine points

in other women. A voice like Helen Hayes' still registers; a walk like Claudette Colbert's new one still catches the eye. He wants to be proud of your mother and she knows it.

Your parents have staked their happiness on marriage, but marriage does not grow like an airplant. It has to be nourished and strengthened, deepened, tended. You are one among many of its strengths, one of its joys, but also one of its complications. Look at love through your parents' eyes, as best you can, and understanding of them will spring up.

Children are a yardstick of success. Pride in the young has a long evolutionary history. Did you ever watch a duck with her goslings? Or hear a mother mountain lion purr over her cubs, or see a mother chimp put a bonnet on her daughter chimp's head and hold a mirror before the little funny-face? Mothers are that way about their offspring from the first wail.

Chances are your parents don't need to tell you that you are important, because you probably feel important enough without being told. Just now and then there is a parent who starts a child from scratch with the idea that life is a tough and beautiful adventure in which everyone ultimately has to make his own way. Those children are lucky, but they seldom know it. If you happen to be one of the uncoddled, don't mourn the fact. Your parents are just as fond of you, but more restrained about it. An oak doesn't twinkle in the breeze like a poplar, but it guards its sprouting acorns through storms which wipe out the lesser breeds.

Mothers particularly are inclined to be overanxious about their children. From the time you were born, and even before that, you occupied a good share of your mother's waking hours and many she should have

spent sleeping. The right things to eat, to wear, to read, to play with—you know how it goes. To bed on time, up on time, school on time. Here a nickel, there a dollar. Her life is built around you and so it's just natural that your lipstick is important to her, and your studies and your dates; the way you hold your fork, introduce your guests, practice the piano, hang up your clothes. If you could see yourself the way your mother looks at you, you'd see more astounding stills than anything on your own silver screen—you at a dance the center of attention, you on the concert stage, you draped in blue ribbons leaving the ring at a horse show, you in a wedding veil, rapturously lovely. That's why you give her the jeeping jitters when you get off the beam. She cares so much about you that if you fail, she fails.

But back of her pride in you, back of her anxiety over your future, your mother knows as well as you do that you are both comrades in arms, that both of you have to live fully and completely, and that actually neither of you is the end of life for the other. Children are a main responsibility, a bridge into a better world. But that is because children are also people, same as parents.

All people together. That's you and your parents. It's amazing how many problems the generations hold in common if we just realize it. For instance, we all have to keep well. We cannot flourish on banana splits, even if there were bananas to split. None of us thrives without some kind of exercise. The smartest of us needs plenty of sleep if we want the skin and the pocketbook one loves to touch. Parents are children-of-the-law in nature's impartial eyes. Nature exacts cooperation of everyone, young and old.

All of us have financial problems, too. Parents have to make money and then make it do, which is another way of saying they have to balance their values. Teen-agers should

(Continued on page 58)



START THE NEW YEAR with the *Right Movies*

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

AT the beginning of a New Year, film-dom's interest is centered on which stars and which pictures will receive awards as the best in their class for the year which has just closed. Unfortunately, since we have to go to press in November on the magazine which reaches you in January we can't announce these various awards in time for them to be of news interest. But there is one annual award on which we can scoop the country, because we have the honor of helping choose

the person who is to receive it! We refer to the Parents' Magazine Award for the year's most gifted juvenile actor or actress. This year the choice was easy from that January day when we first saw Margaret O'Brien in "Journey for Margaret." Then she surprised us by turning from tragedy to nonsense, displaying such a true sense of comedy in "Thousands Cheer" that even Red Skelton had to watch out for her scene stealing. In "Jane Eyre" dancing was her next assignment. But to shorten the long story of Margaret O'Brien's 1943 triumphs, she is the winner of the Parents' Magazine Award for tops in juvenile acting.

1—Marcy McGuire looks as if she were representing all teeners in her obvious admiration of Frank Sinatra in "Higher and Higher," in which he sings to his fans' content. The roses aren't hers! (RKO)

2—William F. Cody (Joel McCrea) became a legend as "Buffalo Bill" and through his Wild West Show did much to acquaint the East with the American Indian. The film is in color. (20th C-Fox)

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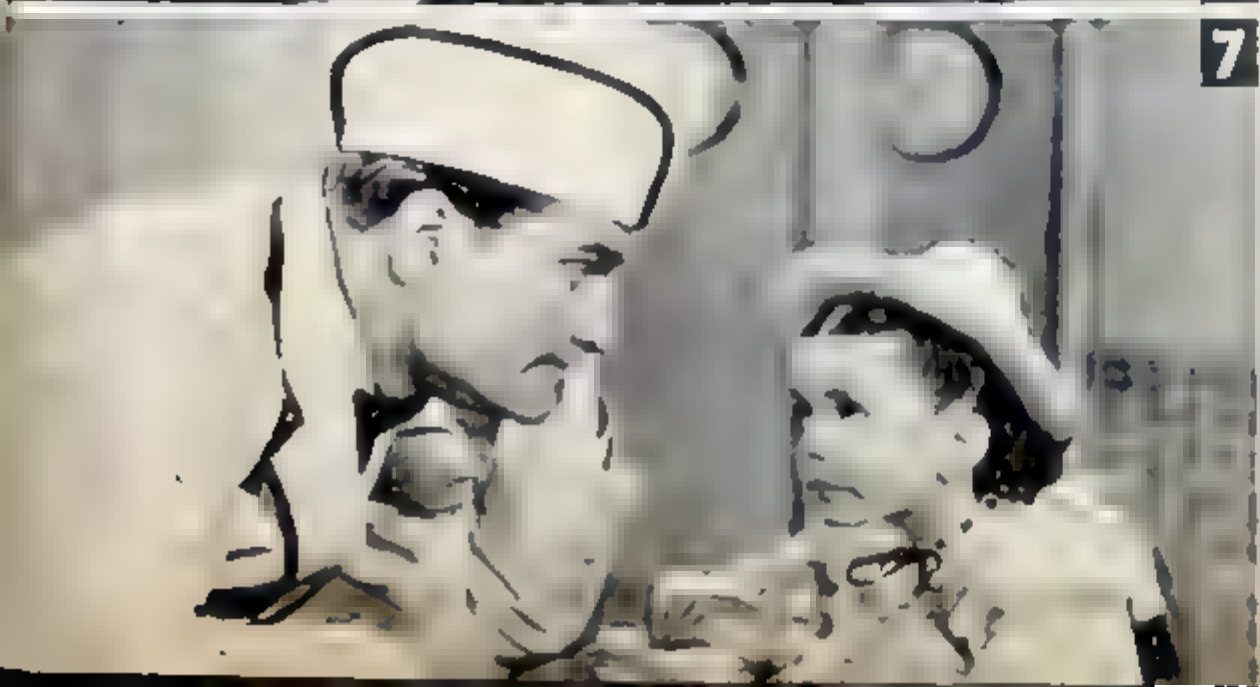
3—Roy Rogers and Trigger contribute to good will in their own adventurous way in "Hands Across the Border." (Repub'l-c)

4—The five Sullivan boys who went down with their ship, the cruiser Juneau, are heroes of "The Sullivans." (20th C-Fox)

5—Margaret O'Brien's first starring role is in "Lost Angel." Look for her name in big bright lights after this! (MGM)

6—From intellectual prodigy (Quiz Kid, to you) in "Lost Angel" to the Curies' brilliant daughter in "Madame Curie" is but a step for Margaret. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play her famous parents, co-discoverers of radium. (MGM)

7—But O'Brien has fun in "Thousands Cheer" when she matches wits with Red Skelton. Their scene taps the laugh meter for the whole funny show. (MGM)



You'll be as
happy as a
Mexican jump-
ing bean
after you've seen...



ROY ROGERS
KING of the COWBOYS and
TRIGGER
Smartest Horse in the Movies
in the song-filled, action fiesta

**HANDS
ACROSS THE
BORDER**

- Gorgeous music by Hoagy (Stardust) Carmichael—
- dazzling dances by Dave Gould—
- thrilling excitement by a large cast including



RUTH TERRY

Guinea "Big Boy" Williams
Osslow Stevens
The Wiere Brothers
and BOB NOLAN
AND THE SONS
of the PIONEERS

Ray Singer Dreaming to Music—
"When Your Heart's On Easy
Street" • "The Girl with the High-
Buttoned Shoes" • "Hands Across
the Border" • "Hey Hey" • "Con
Water" • BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

a republic picture

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

I do not get a regular allowance, but I do have some money I am not permitted to spend it as I please. I am not allowed to go Christmas or birthday shopping alone for fear I might get something the person couldn't use. Do you believe I am being treated right?—Marilyn S., aged 12, New York.

WE think that what Marilyn is saying is that she just wants a chance to grow up. Her letter seems sensible and does not say that she thinks she is all grown up right here and now—for she realizes that she is not.

What kind of help do young people need—along the road to full maturity? Well, they need guidance—and that's what parents, teachers, and other such interested grownups are for. But young people also need experiences of their own and the chance to make mistakes as well as have successes, so that they will learn by deeds and acts of their very own what living is all about. We learn much by watching others live, but we learn most from our own lives and the things which happen to and are done by us.

Naturally, parents, who love their children so much, do not want them to make too many mistakes—certainly no serious or dangerous ones. They have a great responsibility for the well-being of their sons and daughters. But we hope Marilyn's family will agree that for her to do her own present-shopping, for example, and to have a regular money allowance to experiment with, will not necessarily lead to any terrible consequences harmful to her or to others. As a matter of fact, she needs to take responsibility and to find out how to make her own choices in an ever-increasing number of situations. When we give gifts to others we like to

feel we are giving part of ourselves, too—the loving thought and kind wish that prompted the gift and the careful selection that grew out of trying to imagine what the receiver would most enjoy.

Babies grow into toddlers and toddlers into schoolchildren and these into teen-agers. And among the things that help growth are confidence and faith.

There is a girl my age who lives next door to me who is interested in and thinks only of herself. Whenever she does things well I praise her, but when I get good grades in school or do something outstanding, she pretends it is just nothing. I've tried to be very nice to her but it is difficult.—Grace G., aged 15, Washington.

IT isn't the easiest thing in the world to understand and enjoy those different from ourselves, but we often find that unlikeness can be most at-



"When she does things well I praise her, but when I get good marks or do something outstanding, she pretends it's nothing."

tractive. Most of us have discovered that we like certain people—faults and all—although we can't exactly figure out why. Of course, real friends aren't blind to faults; but they are usually ready to accept each other without wanting to make any great changes, for they know there are fine qualities which outweigh everything else.

Grace says that her friend is interested in and thinks only of herself. Sometimes this sort of behavior takes place in a sort of in-between stage of growing up and doesn't mean there is going to be lasting selfishness. It is true that girls must outgrow self-interest and learn to care about others. Perhaps one of the ways in which Grace can help her friend is to join her in becoming interested in some community work, in school activities, a club program, or some war service project for young people. People who do things together and think of and work for others usually stop being self-centered, you will find.

(Continued on page 53)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Does YOUR VOICE Charm?

It really can if you call forth all its undiscovered tones. The secret is to hear yourself as others hear you!

By CRYSTAL WATERS



Stretching publicly is a social error. Done privately it can help you to social success.

HOWARD is coming to call on the family and you're in a fluttering dither. Howard is your cousin, two years older than yourself, handsome and intelligent, they say, and he hasn't seen you since you were five. Now you're practically grown up.

Just your cousin—but the exciting thing is he's someone to practice on. Besides, you certainly had oodles of fun with him that time he visited. If you can make a hit with him now, you'll be sure-fire smash with other boys when you get the chance.

You take no end of trouble to look attractive. You scrub up much harder than usual so your skin will shine and glow. You fuss before the mirror to discover the most becoming hair-do. You choose your pet blue dress because the color picks up the blue of your eyes and makes them look bluer than ever. Then one full-length view to be sure the ensemble is snappy, and you're ready. There's the bell—and Cousin Howard.

You walk down the stairway smiling, your spine stretched up to make you look queenly. Thank goodness you've worked to slim down those bulges! It's a mighty satisfaction to know you look right. Then you hear Mother say, "This is Mary Lee, Howard. She was just a child when you were here last."

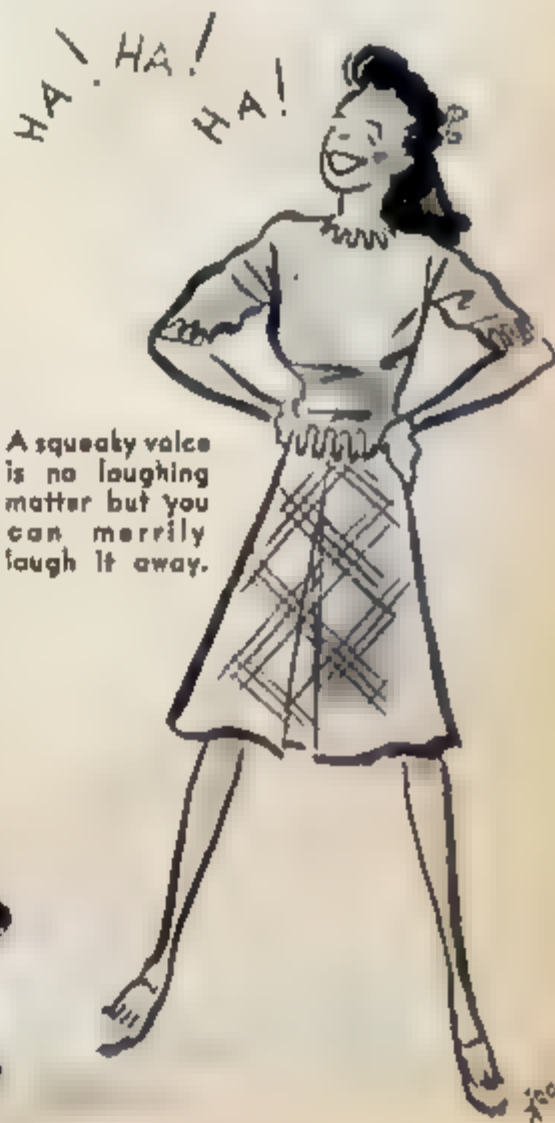
"Hello, Howard," you say. "I'm certainly glad to see you again." Howard returns your greeting politely and, to your utter amazement, turns to converse with your big sister. Somehow you've missed, but how? Then the sound of your own voice re-echoes in your ears. What a voice! "Hello, Howard, I'm certainly glad..." Gracious—it suddenly dawns on you—it sounds so shrill and childish! No wonder Howard doesn't realize you've practically grown up!

The lesson you've learned is that the ear-road to charm is as important as the eye-road. Believe you me, sometimes it's even more important, because your voice reveals what you are really like inside. Your thoughts and feelings, your attitudes and moods shine right through its quality. People's ears are wide open, and what they hear helps people to form an opinion of you, one way or another. If your voice is to show the kind of girl you want others to know you are, you should give it the same time and attention you give your personal appearance.

Perhaps you often wonder why your friends fail to understand you. Probably it's a neglected voice

that puts you in a wrong light. You may feel grown-up, but a high, shrill voice makes you sound childish. You may feel smooth and happy inside, but a whiny, nasal voice gives an outward impression that you are fretful and complaining. Although you are a girl of good taste, a harsh, disagreeable voice leads others to believe you ill-bred and ill-mannered. What you need is a lovely, gracious, attractive voice to make outwardly apparent all that you truly are inside. Don't say even to yourself that your voice can't be lovely. It can be if you want it to.

Listen to your own voice. The walls will send your voice



A squeaky voice is no laughing matter but you can merrily laugh it away.



back to your ears just the way a mirror reflects the expression of your face. Practice saying such lines as these: "Hello!" "How are you?" "Let me do that for you." "I've had such a good time." Do you hear a scratchy voice? A weak, silly voice? A loud, rough voice? Or do you just sound sloppy?

You may be the prettiest girl on earth, but you can be lovelier still with a pleasant voice and distinct pronunciation. And if you wouldn't take a prize at a beauty contest, a good voice can bring you popularity by showing your refinement, your intelligence, your good taste. Think of that when you want to add voltage to your charm!

The voice you are now using you took on by imitating others. All children learn to talk by imitation. It's time to leave hit-or-miss imitation behind and consciously imitate the voices you admire. We don't mean mimic, for that would make you sound artificial and affected. What we mean is that you should get the sound of an admired voice in your ear and think about it, then think about your voice coming forth the way you want it to come forth, for thought plays an important part in fitting the sound of a good and attractive voice to your individual personality.



Your singing may be monotonous but will keep your voice from being dull!

Once she turns eight, every girl can begin to use the low, vibrant tones of her maturing voice which, with proper exercise, will gradually strengthen and deepen into a warm, glamorous one. It's a shame that most girls don't know they have this voice and go right on using the thin, high voice of childhood. When they become tense and excited, they sound shrill and screechy. Many unwittingly imitate the flat, nasal sounds of an admired girlfriend, and that's another great pity, considering they could have their own naturally good voices.

In case you're not already using your maturing voice, we're going to tell you how to discover it; and we're going to tell all of you how to develop that voice and smooth out its roughness. The first step, as we have pointed out, is to get the sound of an admired voice in your ear and think about it. Let your favorite radio and screen stars be your models. When you return from the movies, bring home the sound of an enjoyable voice in your memory. Gradually it will become a part of you and your own voice will begin to develop in that direction.

When you listen to the voices of Shirley Temple, Jackie Horner, Virginia Weidler, Gloria Jean, Jane Withers, you will observe that the tones are natural, vibrant, sincere, because each one uses her maturing voice. These girls pronounce their words correctly, deliberately, distinctly, without a hitch or a jerk. Their words are grouped into phrases, each phrase expressing one complete thought, just like a written phrase. Then they pause briefly at the end of each phrase.

A pause at the end of a spoken phrase is mighty important. It gives the listener a chance to grasp what is said, and it gives the speaker a chance to take a breath, and thus prepare for the next phrase. For the voice is like a wind instrument—it needs outgoing breath to make the qual-

ity come alive with animation and sparkle. Everyone should take a breath before speaking, just the way a cornetist does before playing a phrase of music.

You'll find it's lots of fun to talk along with your favorite radio stars, at the same speed, on about the same pitch, and with equal distinctness. You'll be surprised at how quickly your voice will respond.

Here are some suggestions which will help you to discover the lower, fuller tones of your maturing voice and smooth it into glamorous loveliness. Follow the example of radio and screen stars and practice them every day, just as regularly as you brush your teeth and comb your hair.

(1) *Relax all tension by stretching and yawning.* Stretch your arms above your head and then let them flop down, head and shoulders as limp as a rag doll. Repeat several times. Then yawn, and while yawning slowly rotate your head, to stretch apart your jaws and to open your throat. Waggle your jaw into laxness.

(2) *Breathe deeply, for the voice.* To inhale, open your mouth and imagine you are "drinking in" air while expanding all around the waist for a deep, comfortable breath; then pull in the waist and send forth the breath to serve the voice.

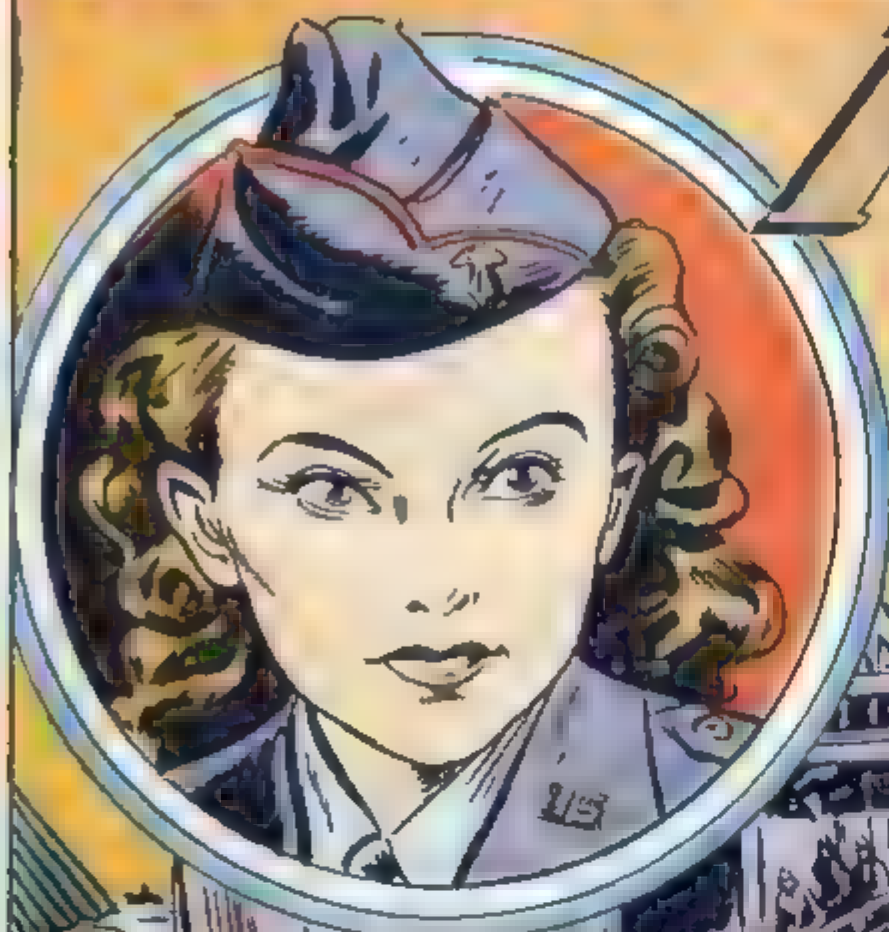
(3) *Laugh heartily, for relaxation plus body action.* Laugh heartily — Ha—Ha—Ha—Ha—and notice the spontaneous body action at the waist that sends forth this vigorous sound. Then maintain the same relaxed, open throat and utilize this body action when you talk on your lowest tones. Automatically your maturing voice will come into use.

(4) *Sing, to smooth your voice and widen its range.* Sing long vowels, Ah—, Oh—, Oo—. Then when you talk lengthen your vowels and make your consonants clear and crisp. Let your voice rise and fall to show you are a girl who loves life and wants to make the most of every radiant moment of it.

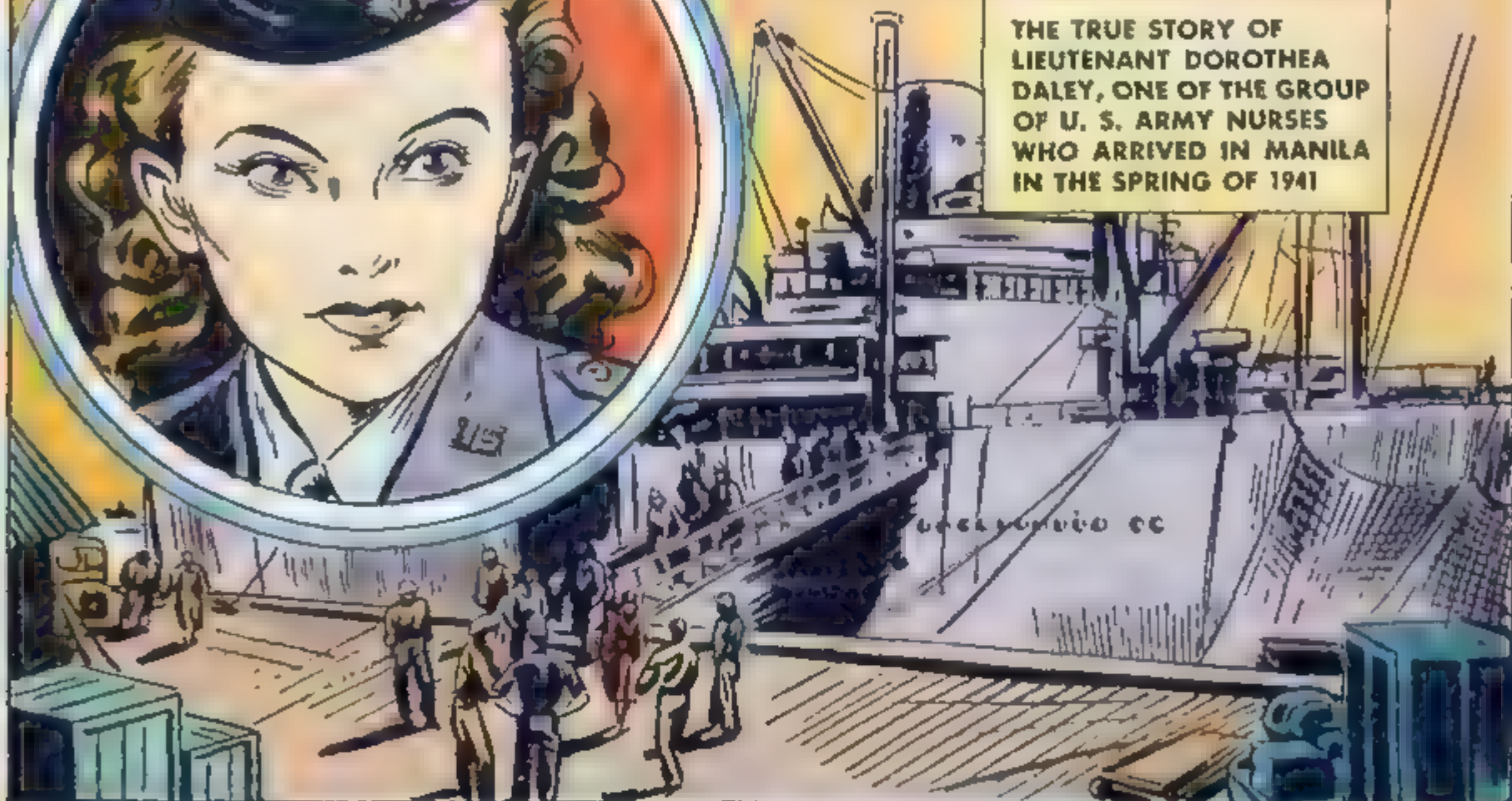
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The Bride Wore

KIAKI

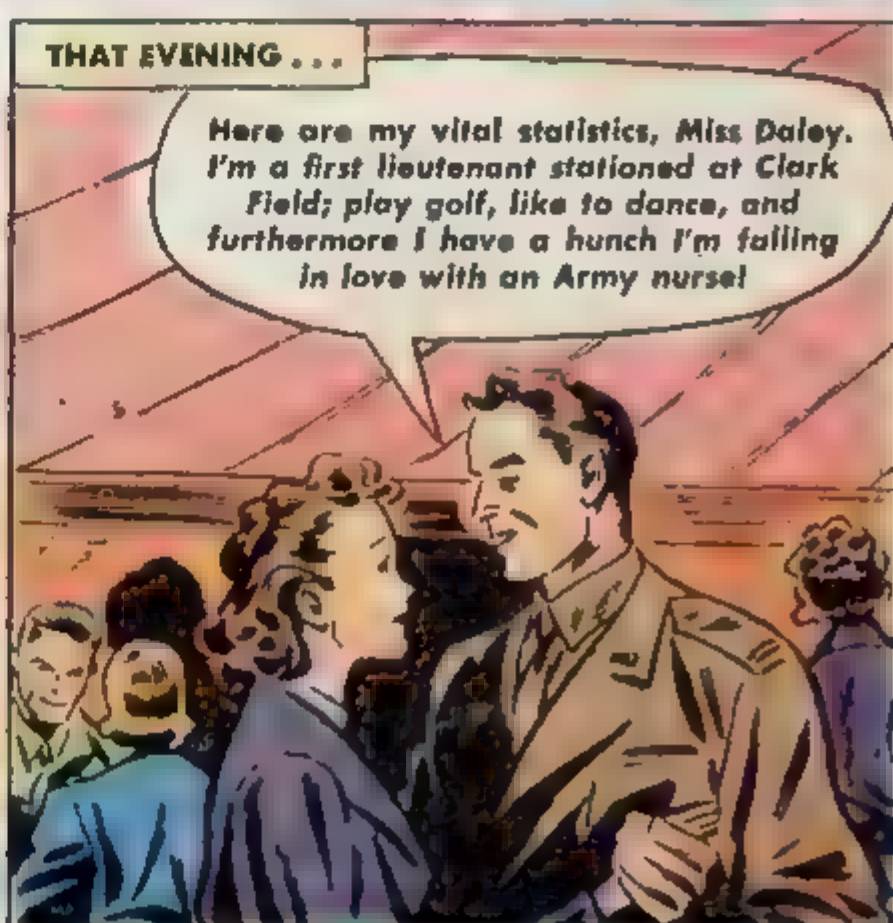


THE TRUE STORY OF
LIEUTENANT DOROTHEA
DALEY, ONE OF THE GROUP
OF U. S. ARMY NURSES
WHO ARRIVED IN MANILA
IN THE SPRING OF 1941



Do I pass inspection, girls?

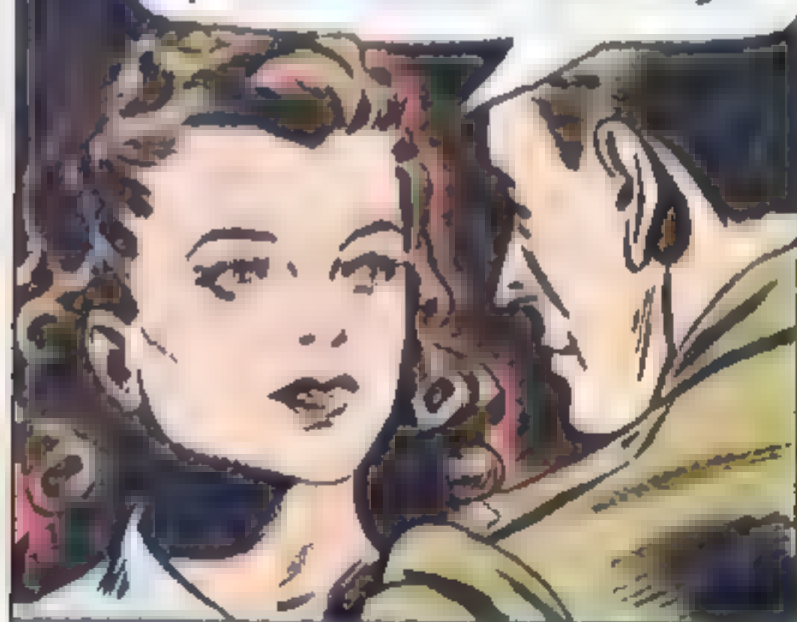
You look lovely, Dorothea! Just think, a reception at the Officers' club!



THAT EVENING ...

Here are my vital statistics, Miss Daley. I'm a first lieutenant stationed at Clark Field; play golf, like to dance, and furthermore I have a hunch I'm falling in love with an Army nurse!

Maybe it's the music, or perhaps it's the tropical moon. But I'm not sure that I don't think you're pretty swell yourself, Lieutenant "Boots" Engle!



THERE FOLLOWED WONDERFUL WEEKS TOGETHER. IT ALL SEEMED PERFECT . . . UNTIL THAT MORNING OF DECEMBER 7, 1941, WHEN JAPANESE PLANES APPEARED OVER THE PHILIPPINES.

Did they bomb Clark Field, Doctor?

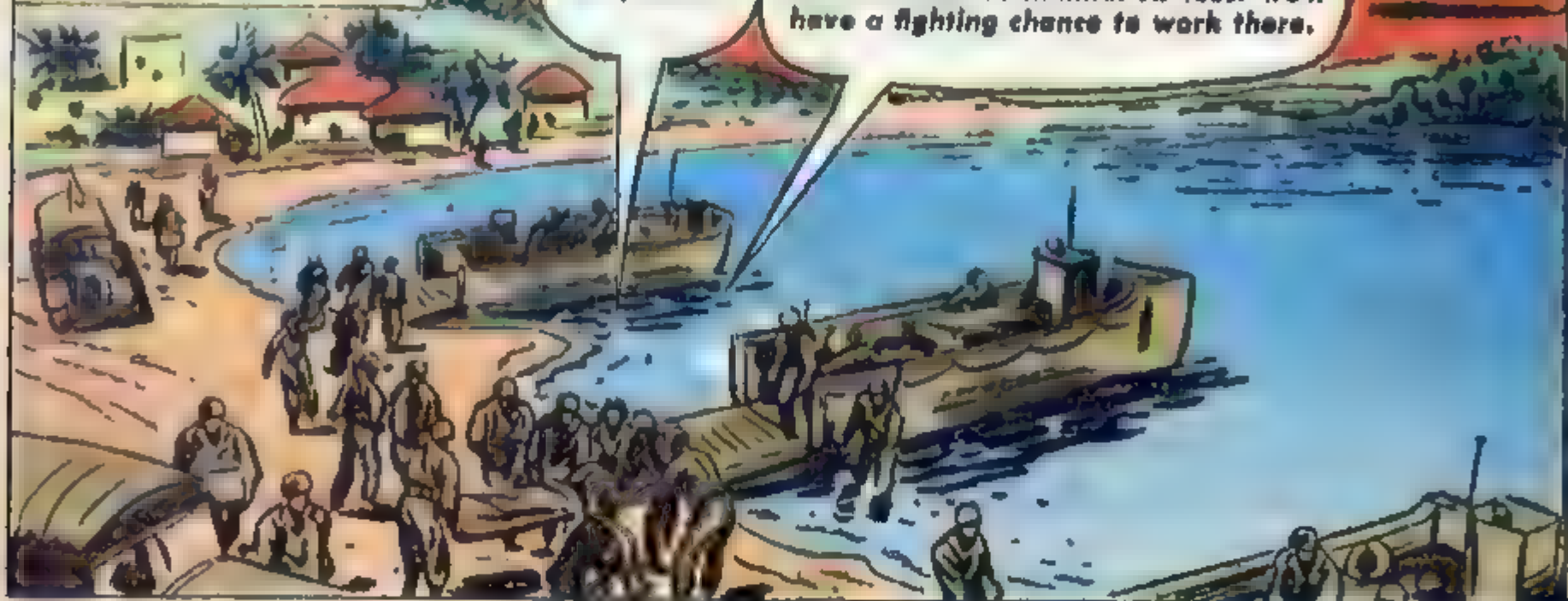
Right. Clark Field, Pearl Harbor, Guam, and Wake. We're at war with Japan, Lieutenant Daley!



AFTER TWO TERRIBLE WEEKS OF INCESSANT BOMBING . . .

Where to now, Doctor?

Swimmer. They've destroyed everything we have here at Manila. At least we'll have a fighting chance to work there.



IN THE HASTILY SET UP HOSPITAL IN THE MIDDLE OF A SANDY RIVER BED, THE GALLANT NURSES WORKED CONTINUOUSLY, TENDING THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

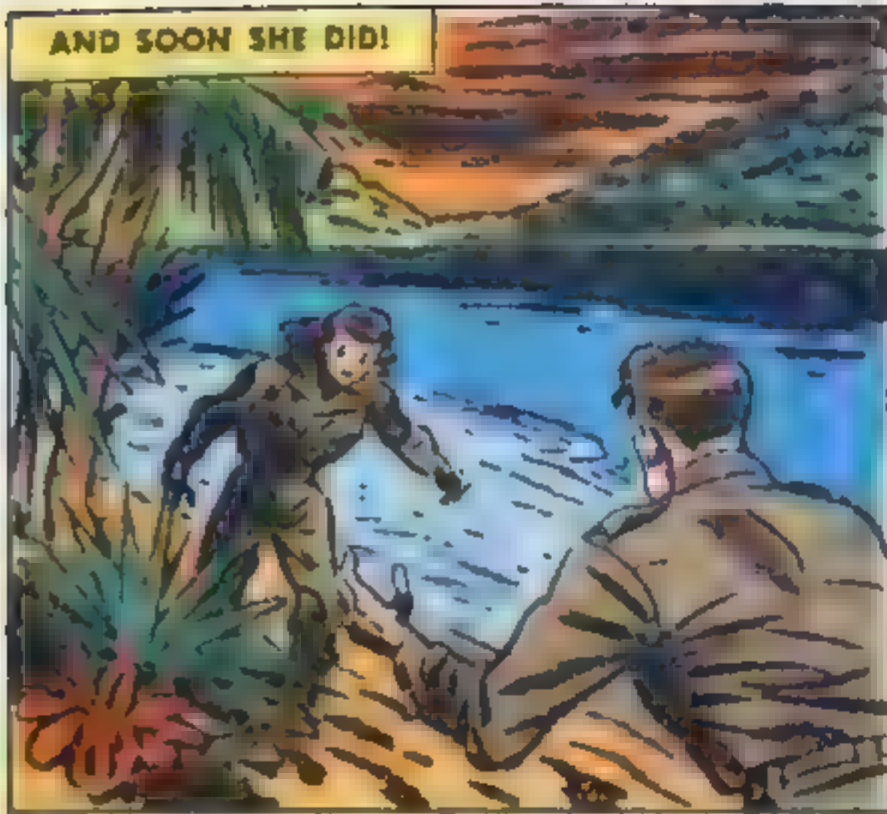
Is he safe? Please God, see that my Boots is safe!



If I could only see him . . . just to know he's safe and well . . .



AND SOON SHE DID!



I knew I'd find you!



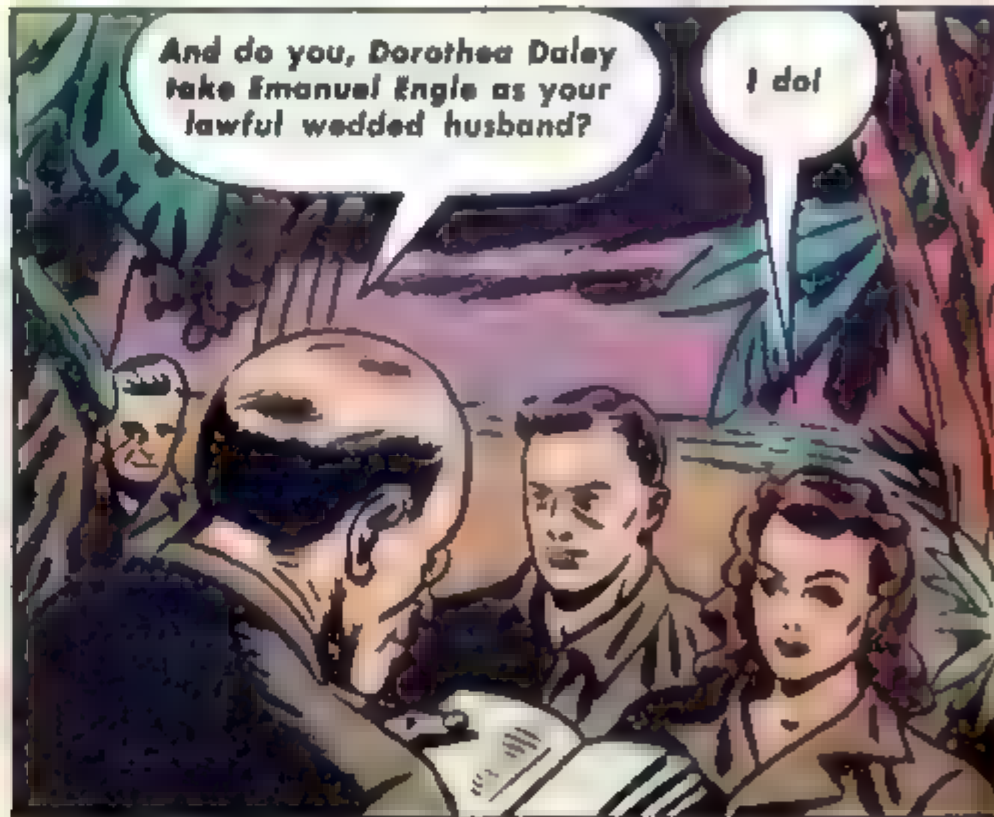
All my worldly possessions are on my back, darling. I haven't even a ring, but will you . . .

Of course I'll marry you, Boots. And the wedding will be on a jungle battlefield!



And do you, Dorothea Daley take Emanuel Engle as your lawful wedded husband?

I do!



We're probably the only newlyweds on record who had to dig their own honeymoon cottage!

If we don't dig a little faster, it'll be a Jap bomb that will carry us BOTH over the threshold!



AFTER A HONEYMOON AMONG THE BOMB CRATERS ON WAR-TORN BATAAN, BOOTS CAME DOWN WITH MALARIA, THEN RECOVERED. AND ALL THE TIME JAP TROOPS WERE COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER . . .

Good-bye and good luck, Boots!

I'll be back, Dorothea . . . soon!



Orders are to evacuate to Corregidor. The Japs are on our doorsteps now!



ON THE ROCKY FORTRESS OF CORREGIDOR.

Look at his ear . . . It's cocked!

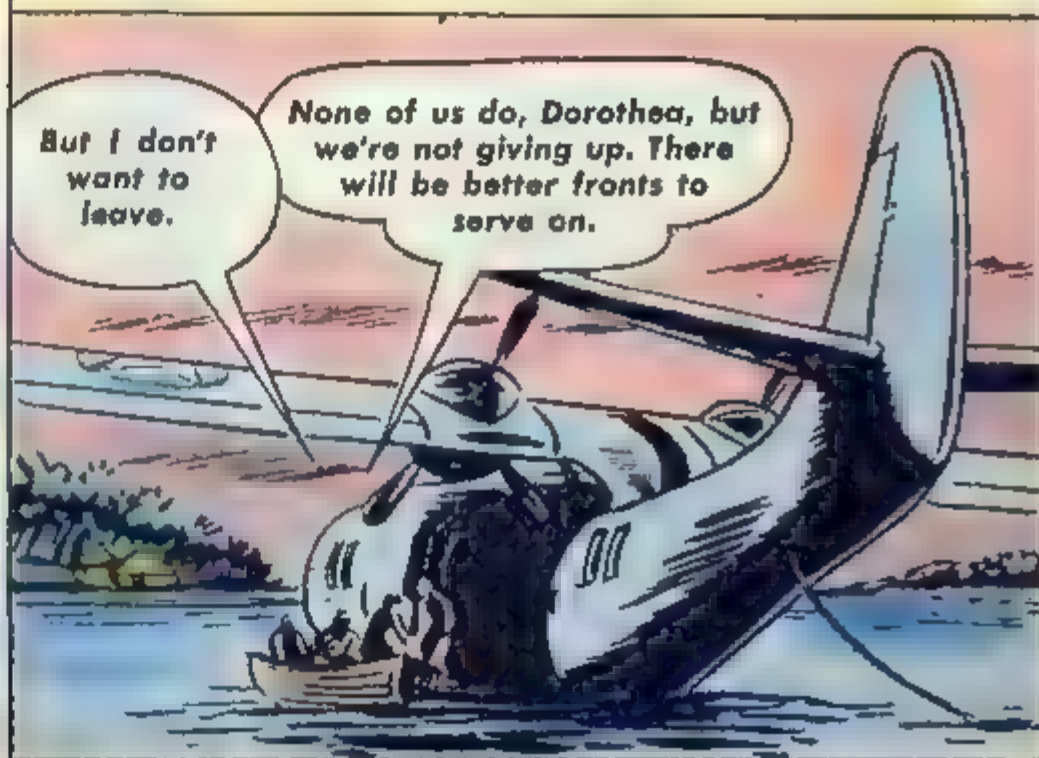
That means Jap planes are on the way. Hurry with those bandages!



BUT FINALLY THEY WERE ORDERED ON FROM THIS STAND, TOO.

But I don't want to leave.

None of us do, Dorothea, but we're not giving up. There will be better fronts to serve on.



Good-bye, Boots! Some day . . . soon . . . I know we'll be together again.



LIEUTENANT ENGLE HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING ON BATAAN. COURAGE AND BRAVERY LIKE HIS AND HIS WIFE'S MADE THE BATTLE FOR THE PHILIPPINES ONE OF THE MOST INSPIRING CHAPTERS IN THE ANNALS OF AMERICAN HEROISM.





Sisters

UNDER THE SKIN

When Nancy decided to stand up for what she believed in, she discovered there was more than one way to be a success in school

By MARGERY SEDER

NANCY GILMAN held up her hand mirror right in the middle of the sidewalk so that Sue Grant could adjust the streamers on her new Scotch cap. They wished to look especially nice today because they were on their way to their sorority meeting to be inducted as pledges.

"Isn't it wonderful we both got in, Nan?" cried Sue.

"Yeah—I guess so," Nancy replied, with a little hesitation.

"You don't seem to be so sure," said Sue in surprise. "You know how awful it would be if we hadn't."

"Would it?" said Nancy.

"Oh, of course!" replied Sue

vehemently. "Everybody knows the sororities run everything at Lincoln High."

"Ye-es," answered Nancy. "I suppose you're right. Only last night my mother was saying something about . . . Hi, Cora," she broke off, waving to a classmate who stood in a front yard across the street with a trowel in hand, helping her mother dig up the frosted garden bed. Cora waved back at them and her eyes followed them wistfully.

"That's Cora Lee, isn't it?" said Sue. "How do you know her? Oh—what were you saying about your mother, Nan?"

"Oh, I guess I just know Cora

Cora waved back at them and her eyes followed them wistfully.

from around," Nancy replied. "Mother said something about sororities being cliquey and snobbish."

"I suppose they are in a way," Sue broke in quickly. "But after all, a person's got a right to choose her own friends."

"That's what I thought, too," Nancy answered. "But Mother said that even so it isn't very nice to seal your friendship with some Greek letters that mean 'Everybody else keep out.'"

"Well, that's how things are, Nan," said Sue, crunching a dry brown leaf uneasily in her fist. "Things always have been like that around here. The sororities are running things, and who are we to reform Lincoln High? We're lucky to be pledged."

Nancy didn't answer for a second. "Maybe you're right," she said at last. "Oh, Sue, I've just thought how I know Cora Lee. You met her, too. At one of the very first rush teas, remember? Early in the fall."

"Oh, sure," Sue said. "She was only invited to a few. Guess she didn't get along."

"No. Wonder why not?" asked Nancy.

"Well, they're so new in town," Sue said in an offhand way. "And nobody knows anything about her family. And anyhow, you know how funny it is the way she stutters." Sue giggled.

Nancy didn't giggle, though. Her baby brother, Teddy, was just beginning to talk, and he stuttered a little, too. Nancy didn't think it was especially funny.

But now the girls found themselves at the house where their meeting was being held, and pretty soon they were inside, greeting the "sisters" and taking off their hats. And then they were standing up in a row with six other girls who were being inducted, taking their vows.

The room was dim in candlelight. The "sister superior," a senior at Lincoln, dressed in a long black robe, stood before the somewhat frightened inductees and read to them, in a deep, intensely serious voice, the preamble to the sorority constitution from a long paper scroll. Nancy, looking around from face to face in the circle of "sisters" who sat in solemn band behind the president, could hardly stifle a giggle despite the prickles of awe that tingled in her stomach. It was sort of silly after all, these girls just a few years older than she, trying to look like—well, like the Justices of the Supreme Court. Nancy caught a few of the words from the scroll sneaking through her own thoughts. "Herein privileged . . ." she heard, ". . . sacred bosom of the sisterhood . . . in the name of God and friendship . . ."

But now the "sister superior" was going up to the girls separately, beginning at the opposite end of the row from where Nancy stood, and pinning a little emblem to each one's collar with a few grave words. There were only eight pledges altogether. Not very many,

when you considered all the girls who had been invited to the first rush teas in September. Suddenly Nancy remembered Cora Lee, standing in the garden, waving a forlorn greeting to her and Sue.

"Sue Grant, do you accept the honor of pledging . . .?"

"I do." Nancy heard Sue's voice beside her, small but rich as though she were trying to reach a high note in a hymn at church. And then the "sister superior" stood before Nancy. She was a pretty girl, her lips red, her hair long and smooth. "You don't have to seal your friendship with Greek letters that mean . . ." Nancy could hear Mother saying it. Cora Lee stuttered, too, Nancy remembered. So did Teddy, sweet little Teddy. All these ideas tumbled through Nancy's head as the "sister superior" chanted the pledge to her.

"Do you accept the honor . . ."

And suddenly Nancy had stepped out of line. "No," she heard herself saying. "No, no," and she ran out of the room and all the way home with a strange choked feeling inside.

Sue stopped by at Nancy's a few hours later. She was amazed at Nancy and still excited by the initiation.

"I thought it was so wonderful—like—kind of like confirmation or a wedding."

"Oh, bosh," Nancy replied. "All that stuff about sacred sisterhood, and then not taking people in just because . . ."

"Well, anyhow, I have to run now, Nan," Sue said hastily. "Just stopped by to tell you—well—how things are."

"What do you mean? How are things?" asked Nancy.

"About the sorority, I mean." Sue jumbled her words a little. "Of course—you know—they didn't like it much."

"No." Nancy had to smile.



"Well, they told us," Sue began again, "the pledges, I mean, that if we really believed in the sorority, we could show it by, well, by not . . ."

"Having anything to do with me?" Nancy cut in.

"Well, something like that," Sue said, with her eyes down.

"But of course I wouldn't pay attention to that, Nan," she added hastily. "And I'll bet a lot of other kids won't either. Things'll be okay. You'll see."

Things were okay for Nancy Gilman, too, during the next few months. The pledges didn't pay much attention to her, of course, but Nancy was surprised to find how small a group they really were. Besides, they were in general disfavor not only with the school authorities but with most of the rest of the student body as well. For one thing, they were not allowed to put up their hair or use ribbons or barrettes, but had to pin it straight back severely close to their heads, so that even the cutest of them looked pretty messy most of the time, and every day they had to do some different foolish thing. The girls who had hoped that they would be asked to pledge, and hadn't been, laughed at the sorority's antics, but you could tell that they weren't really amused. And those who hadn't even been considered, and had never wanted to be, hardly even noticed the pledges, like Bess Wysocki, for example, from the east side of town, who took care of children afternoons to pay for her recess lunches. Besides, Nancy had Sue, though sometimes these days Sue rushed by with just a word in the school corridor or the cafeteria. After school she'd stop at Nancy's, though, and explain that it was all because she had so many things to do at recess now: go up and make her bow to the "sister superior" and the high council of the sorority, and then get their pie for them in the cafeteria.

But there were plenty of other people in the school, Nancy discovered. She found herself meeting girls whose names she'd hardly even no-

ticed before. Once when Bess Wysocki was taking care of a little boy up on Nancy's side of the city for the afternoon, she called up Nancy to come over and study with her. When Chuck Purdy, who was captain of the freshman football team, came by to call for Bess, they walked Nancy home.

Nancy began to talk to Cora Lee, too, when they met, first because she was sorry for her. Then when Cora asked her to go to the movies one Saturday afternoon, Nancy accepted, and afterward she went back to Cora's for supper. There was a picture on Cora's bureau of a freckled, curly-haired boy about seventeen years old, wearing a military uniform.

O-O-O-H!

A new serial

Starting in the next issue of

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Out about February 1st

**MYSTERY IN
WARD 13**

By Margaret Sutton

Author of the Judy Bolton Mysteries

Don't miss it!

"That's my brother Jerry. He's at Korly Academy." Cora's eyes were proud.

Nancy's eyebrows went up. "That's a swell school."

"Guess they thought Jerry deserved it. He's the bright one of the family," Cora said. "Anyhow I wanted to go to high school here," she continued a little wistfully, "being new in the city and all. Thought it was a good way to get to know people."

"I think you're very wise, Cora," Nancy said quickly. "And you will get to know people, too. This is kind of a stuffy town. It takes time."

They went down to supper and then out to inspect the little mounds in the garden bed where Mrs. Lee had buried bulbs that afternoon. By the time their leaves were beginning to show in April, Nancy was almost as much at home in

the Lees' garden, as in her own. Once she added a postscript to one of Cora's letters to Jerry, at her friend's insistence, and a few days later Cora brought a thin white sheet with the Korly insignia at the top for Nancy to read the special message that Jerry had written to her. And by the time that the leaves in the Lees' garden were beginning to show little yellowish buds between them, Nancy was getting big thin envelopes with a red seal every week. No, the winter wasn't so bad.

But it was when spring really took off its hat and settled down into warm yellow sunshine and sudden green things that Nancy began to wonder whether she'd been right after all. This was the younger set's gayest season: baseball games were beginning, committees of all sorts were being nominated, tickets were being printed and gay posters were going up all over school. Nancy read them eagerly. It was her first year, and she wanted to know about things, be in the midst of them, and there were no older girls to tell her, to push her, like a big sister or—a sorority adviser.

It wasn't long, though, before she realized the Freshman Hop was the event of the year for the youngest class. Early in April a notice went up on the bulletin board calling a class meeting to nominate a chairman and committee for the affair. And for the next week the Hop was the main topic of conversation.

There wasn't very much discussion about the election of the chairman and the committee, though, for the whole matter was more or less an empty form. By some process vaguely known as "politics" the choice always seemed to go to a certain group that could almost be named in advance each year. Because their "big sisters" taught them the ropes, gave them self-confidence, and held before the school the example of previous successful hops, the girls who were sorority members always seemed to win. The sororities did a good job, too. They made the event just like

another one of their own affairs, only at the school's expense this time. Of course a few couples of what they called the "undesirable element" were always bold enough to buy tickets and come, but most people, if they didn't have well-cut white flannels or a gown from the Junior Smart Shop, stayed away.

And this year would be no different. Maybe Sue would get the chairmanship, even. Her "sisters" would probably push her. She was a good pledge—always did what she was told, never put her hair up. She and Nancy talked about the election, on the now-rare occasions when they saw each other outside of school. Nancy promised to campaign for her. The reaction didn't seem to be too favorable, however. Some of the girls from the east side had never heard of Sue. The sorority pledges were too busy with outside things these days to have much time for school activities. A lot of east side girls seemed to be going to the Hop this year.

The assembly hall the following Monday was more crowded than the election meetings for Freshman Hop usually were. Miss Fairman's speech to the class, while the ballots were being passed around, was more serious than usual, too.

"I hope that you'll be careful in your choice of officers, class," she said.

"We want all of you to have a good time," she went on. "You've been working hard this year, in school and out, some of you in Red Cross groups or Mothers' Aid, some of you boys in shops. And you all seem to realize what a privilege it is to be in school, learning, in times like these." And then she said something that made everyone pay attention.

"Some of the boys that you girls will be inviting, from other classes, will be in service by next year this time," she said. "We all hope, don't we, that they'll remember us back here, where we worked and played together, and the spring Hop, and the friends they've left . . ." There were almost tears in the harsh voice that usually spoke of nothing more sentimental than equations and formulas. "We want lots of people to come, and all of them to have the best time anyone's ever had at any Lincoln party," she finished.

Nominations sprang up from the floor. Sue Grant was suggested among the first and Sue in her turn spoke for Patty Banks, a fellow pledge, and a few more sorority names were added to the list.

And then Cora Lee jumped

up from the seat next to Nancy's. "Nancy Gilman," she said clearly.

From the other side of the room Bess Wysocki seconded the nomination. "Nancy's got efficiency plus," she added.

"Yay, Yip!" came from the boys' section, and then a little wave of applause led, Nancy could see, by Chuck Purdy.

The last names of the candidates were read off twice to the class amid a general babble of discussion. There were a couple of long, careful speeches from the sorority group for Sue Grant, and a burst of spontaneous shouts of Nancy Gilman's name. Nancy chattered feverishly to Cora to cover her embarrassment and pleasure.

Cora cut her short. "Listen, Nan," she said, pulling a big white envelope out of her purse. "I didn't have a chance to show you this before. Jerry's coming home week after next." And then one of the ushers was beside them collecting ballots.

When the votes had been counted, Miss Fairman spoke a few words to the senior assistant. The latter walked over to the blackboard. She picked up a piece of chalk and wrote a big yellow G on the board with such a flourish that the chalk snapped off in the middle. A murmur ran around the room. Cora nudged Nancy.

"Grant," whispered Nancy. "Sue Grant," she breathed, saying it against hope. The senior assistant fumbled around in the box for another piece of chalk. And then Miss Fairman held up her hand for silence.

"Before you all burst with suspense," she said, "the next letter is—" everyone was still—"i! Nancy Gilman," she finished, as though she were announcing General MacArthur, and smiled.

Nancy felt like a sleep walker and Cora practically had to push her to her feet to acknowledge the applause.

From the mist of faces, Nancy could distinguish Sue Grant smiling wistfully, but Nancy was dreaming of the Grand March that opened the Hop and of her and Jerry leading it.



The nominations were almost closed when Cora Lee suddenly jumped up from her seat.

JUDY WING

NEVER A DULL MOMENT



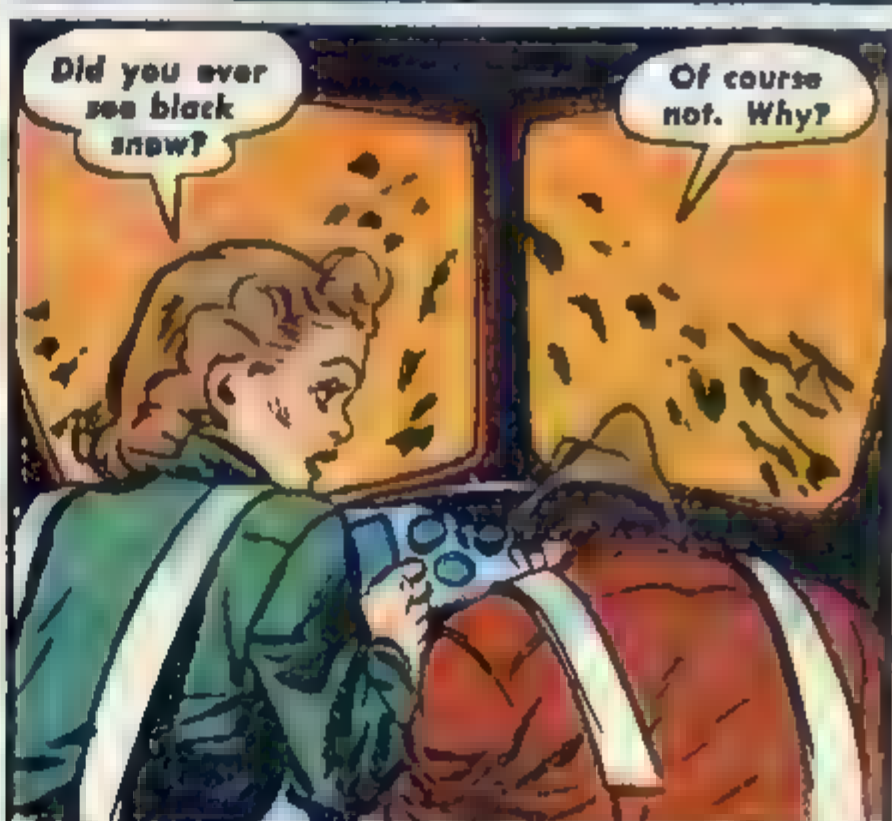
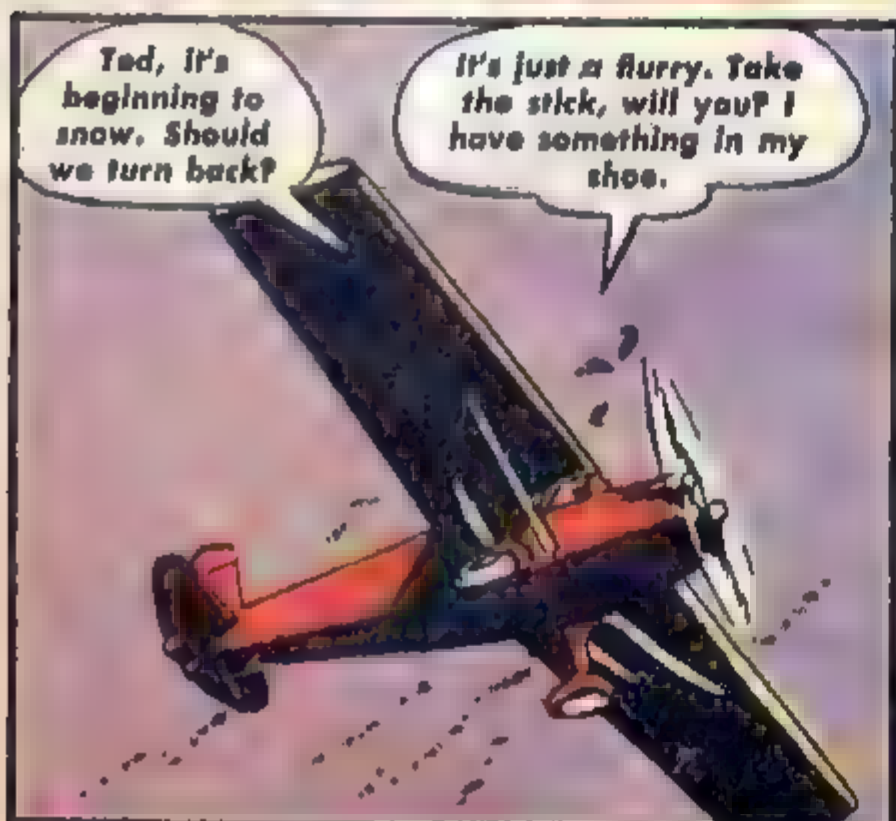
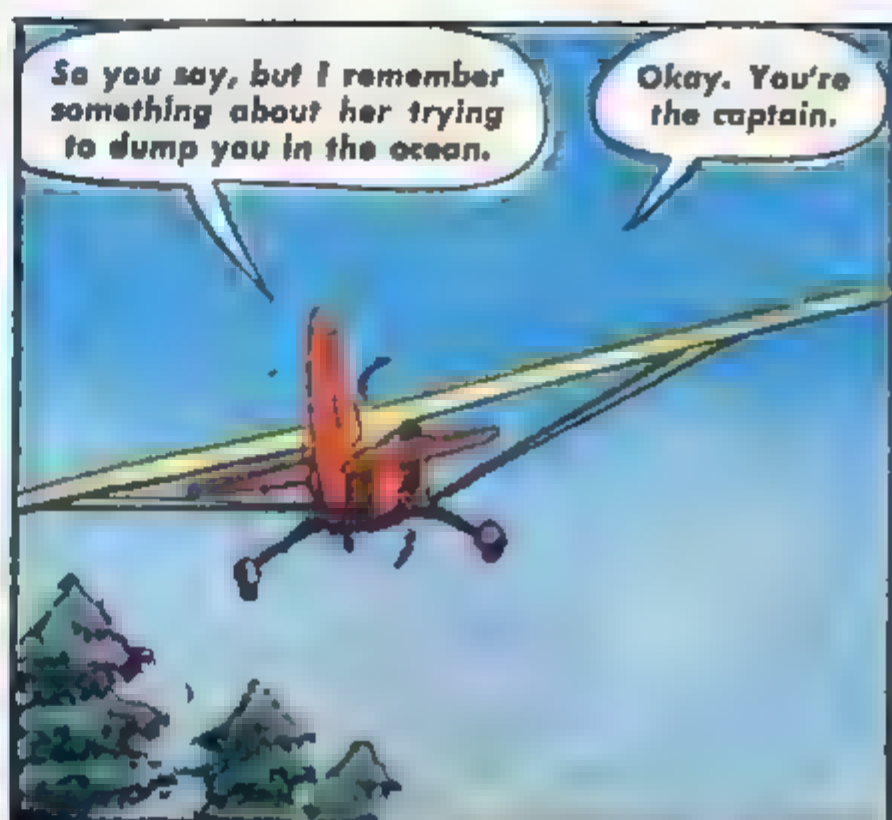
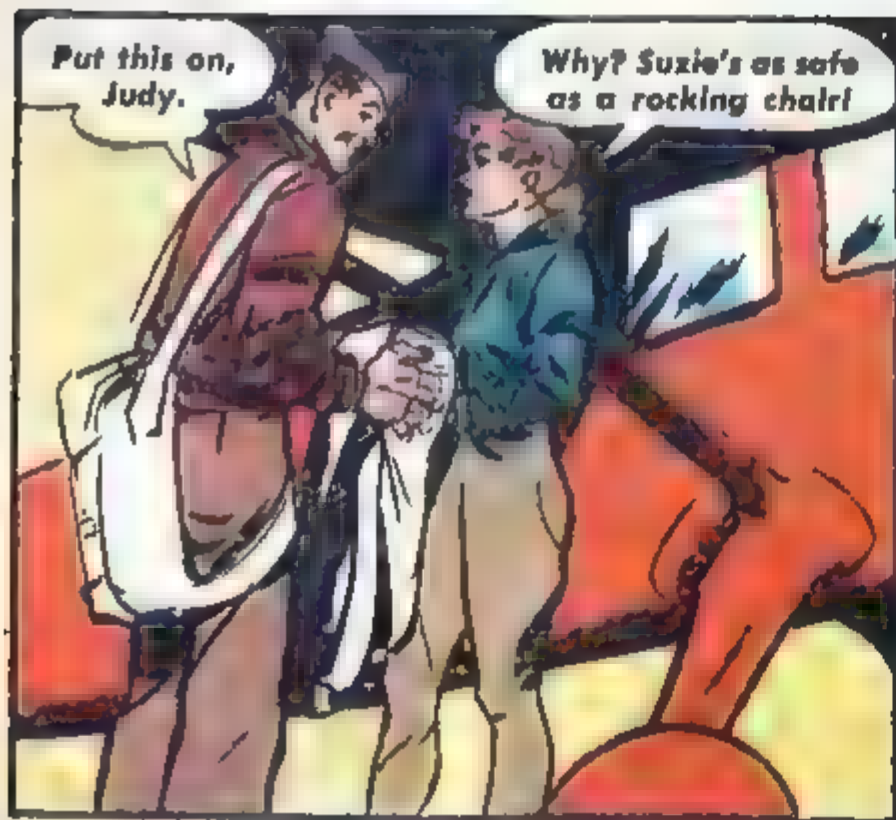
They gave me three days, Judy. I'll be right over.

Jinx, Ted's back. He's the man who owns you, remember? If he gets a leave he'll come to see . . . you. Oh, there's the phone.

That's wonderful, Ted!

Let's take a ride in old Suzie.

Old is right. She's so slow, you'll find her awfully dull after the bombers you've been flying.





Happy,
landing,
Judy.

Jump, Ted!
Jump!



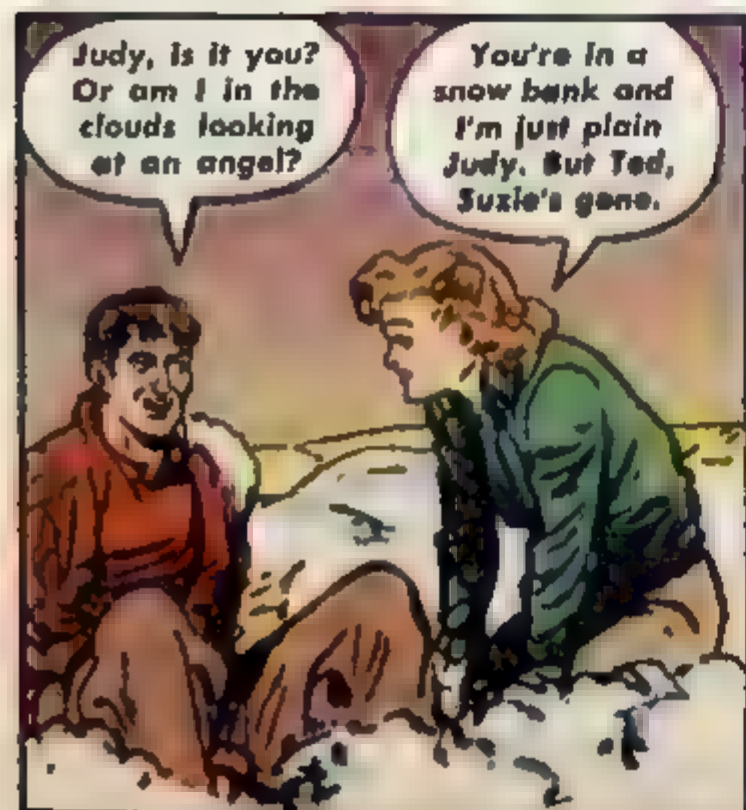
What happened to
him? Where can he
be?



I must find
him. Oh ...
there's a
'chute.



If it's Ted
buried in the
snow bank,
he'll smother!



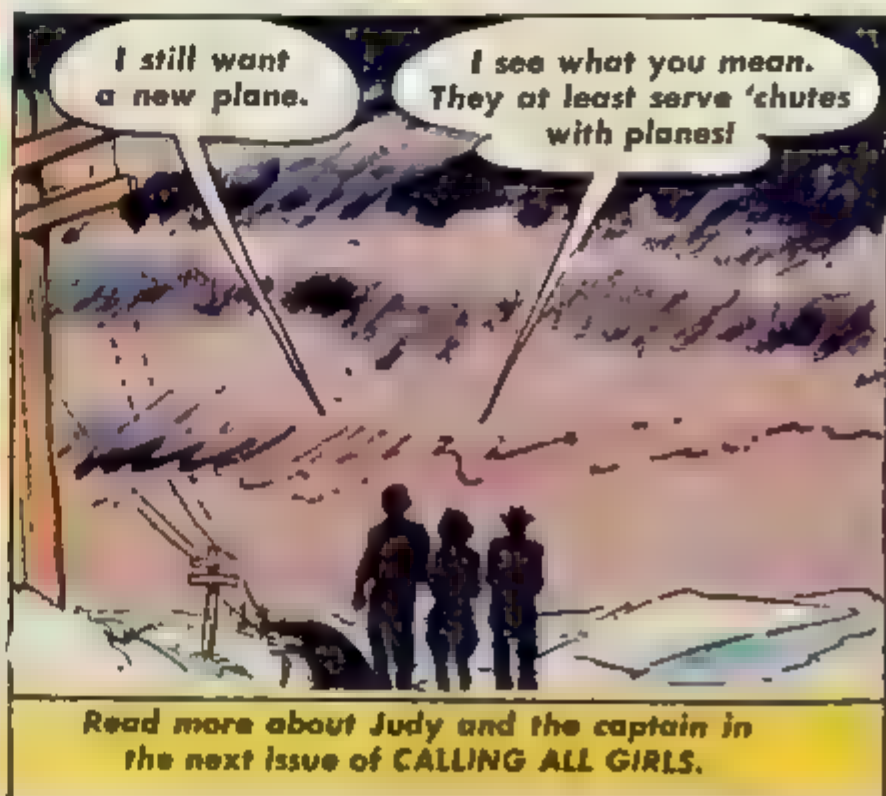
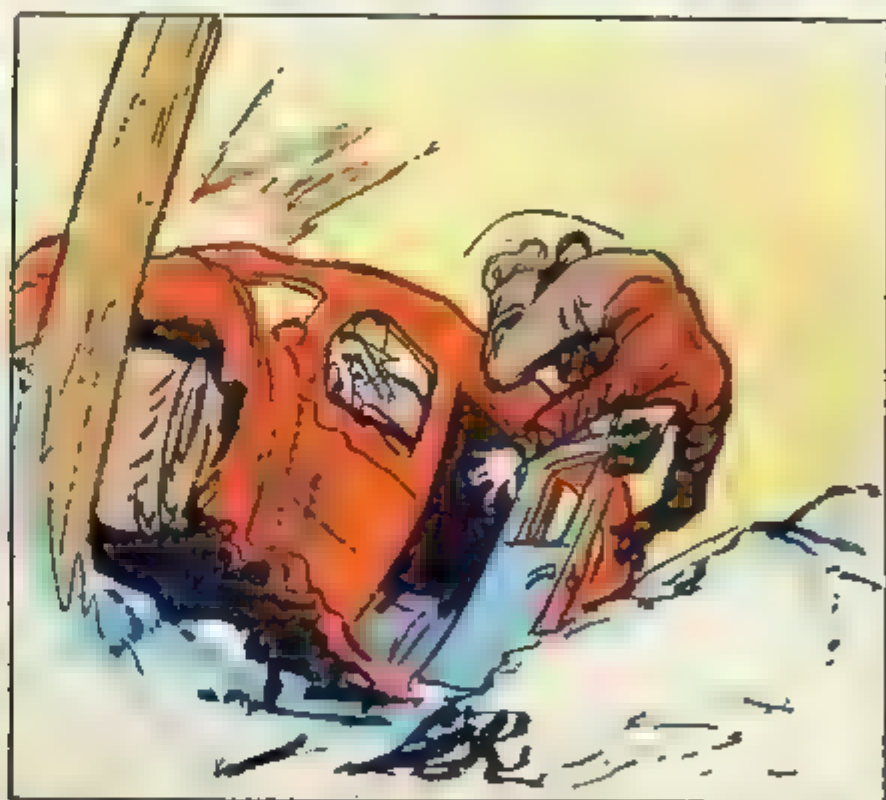
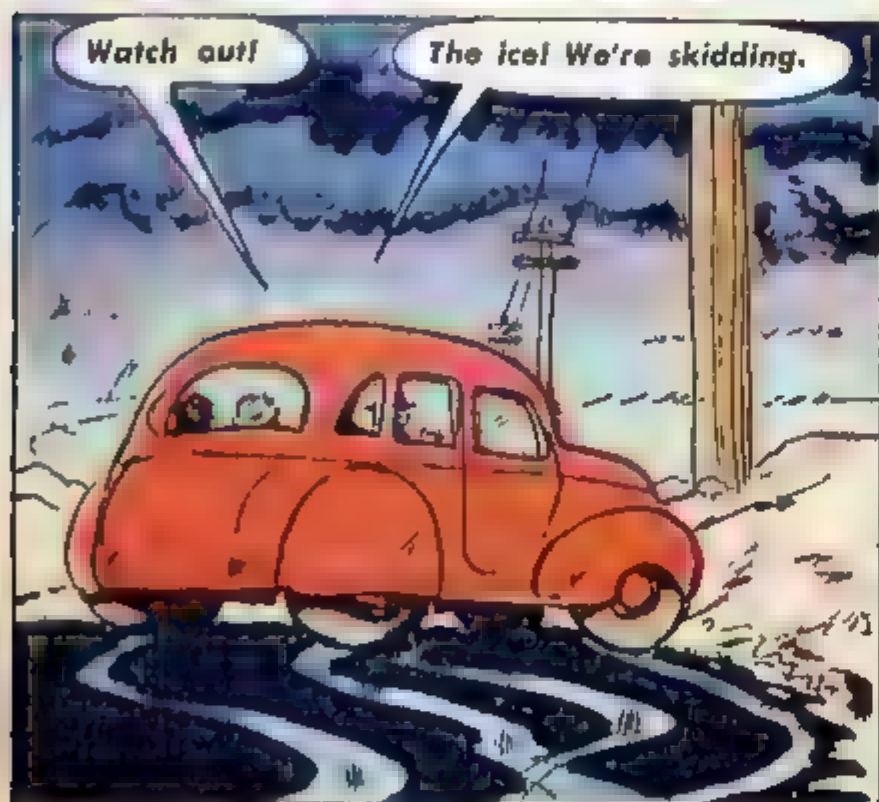
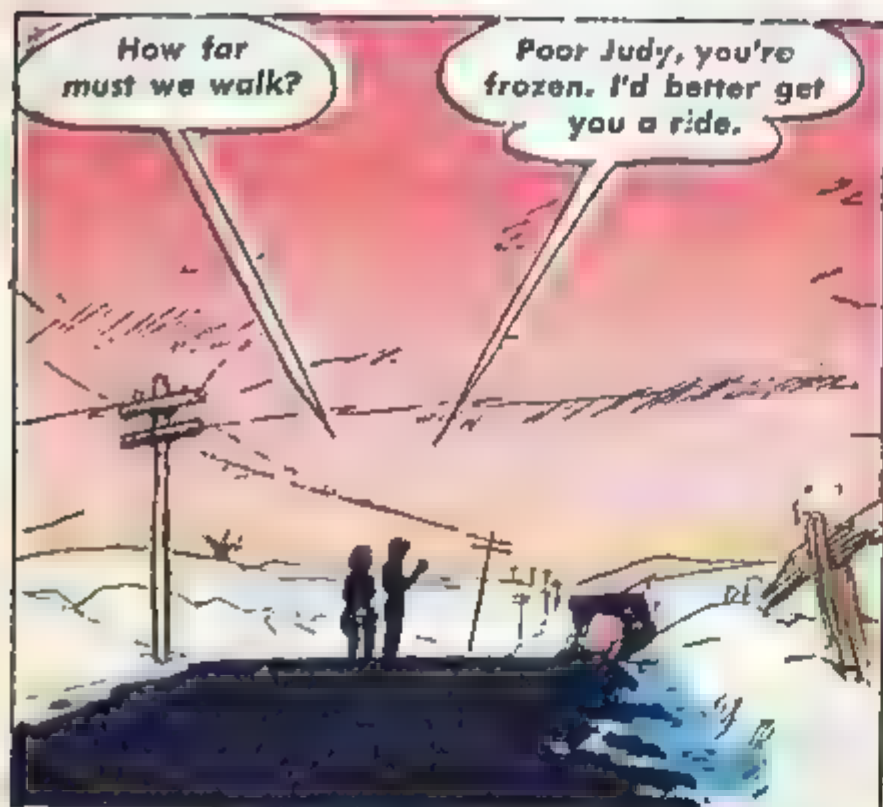
Judy, is it you?
Or am I in the
clouds looking
at an angel?

You're in a
snow bank and
I'm just plain
Judy. But Ted,
Suzie's gone.



We'll get
another
plane,
Judy.

There'll never
be another
quite like Suzie.



"You'd think I had measles."



JEN is really a honey to look at. Easy on the eyes. Smooth dancer, too. Yet you'd think she wore a quarantine sign, the way the boys leave her alone. Lads seem to rate her a bit droopy. No sparkle, no "git", no up-and-at-'em spirit.

Wonder why, Jen? You might consider your daily schedule. Could be you're not eating properly? What about three honest-to-gosh meals a day? Mighty hard to be full of life, if you don't tuck away plenty of nourishing food. You need gobs of food energy, etc., if you're to vibrate—real nourishment starting with breakfast.

Now don't get the wrong idea. No need to polish off a twelve-course breakfast. But do start the day with something 'neath the belt. At least do this. Tumble some sunny-gold Wheaties into a bowl. Heap 'em up. Add your favorite fruit, and float the works in milk or cream.

There's a combination for you three champion foods: milk, fruit, and good whole wheat. And so tempting, bet you'll hang around for a second helping, before heading for school.

Plenty O. K. in the flavor department—Wheaties. Crisp, toasted flakes with a nut-sweet tang. Second helping good! And mighty nourishing, these Wheaties. Flakes made of 100 per cent whole wheat. With protective vitamins and minerals. Good proteins. Just brimming with food energy. (Stuff you need, to keep you perking.)

So don't sit life out on the side-lines. Head for the fun. For one thing, start eating right. Start tomorrow, with Wheaties at breakfast!

And look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box-top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 497, Minneapolis 15, Minn. And send today!



GET IN THE GROOVE WITH

WHEATIES

*"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT*

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

DOROTHEA MORONEY MINES HER BUSINESS

THE TRUE STORY OF A
A STENOGRAPHER WHO BECAME
"QUEEN OF CHROME"



IT ALL BEGAN IN SEATTLE IN 1935, AT THE DEATH OF DOY'S FATHER, A DOCTOR WHO PREFERRED MINING TO MEDICINE.

Are you sure these are all of Dad's papers?
I thought he owned some good mines.

That's all I can find... those deeds
to abandoned mines... and bills.



What an inheritance!
\$23,000 in debts!

You might check the mines; they
may have some value.



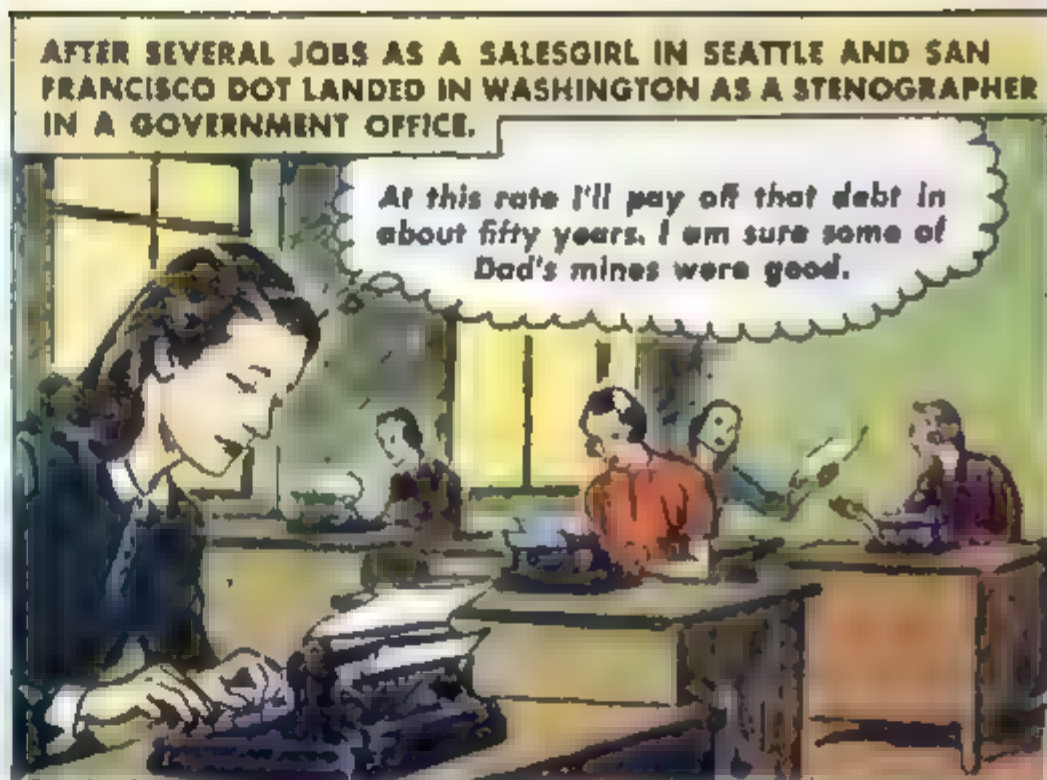
Yes, ma'am, that's what I said. Your
mines are assessed at exactly ten dollars.

BOARD OF ASSESSMENT





There's no one else to pay off Dad's debts. It's up to me and I'd better get working, fast!



AFTER SEVERAL JOBS AS A SALESGIRL IN SEATTLE AND SAN FRANCISCO DOT LANDED IN WASHINGTON AS A STENOGRAPHER IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

At this rate I'll pay off that debt in about fifty years. I am sure some of Dad's mines were good.

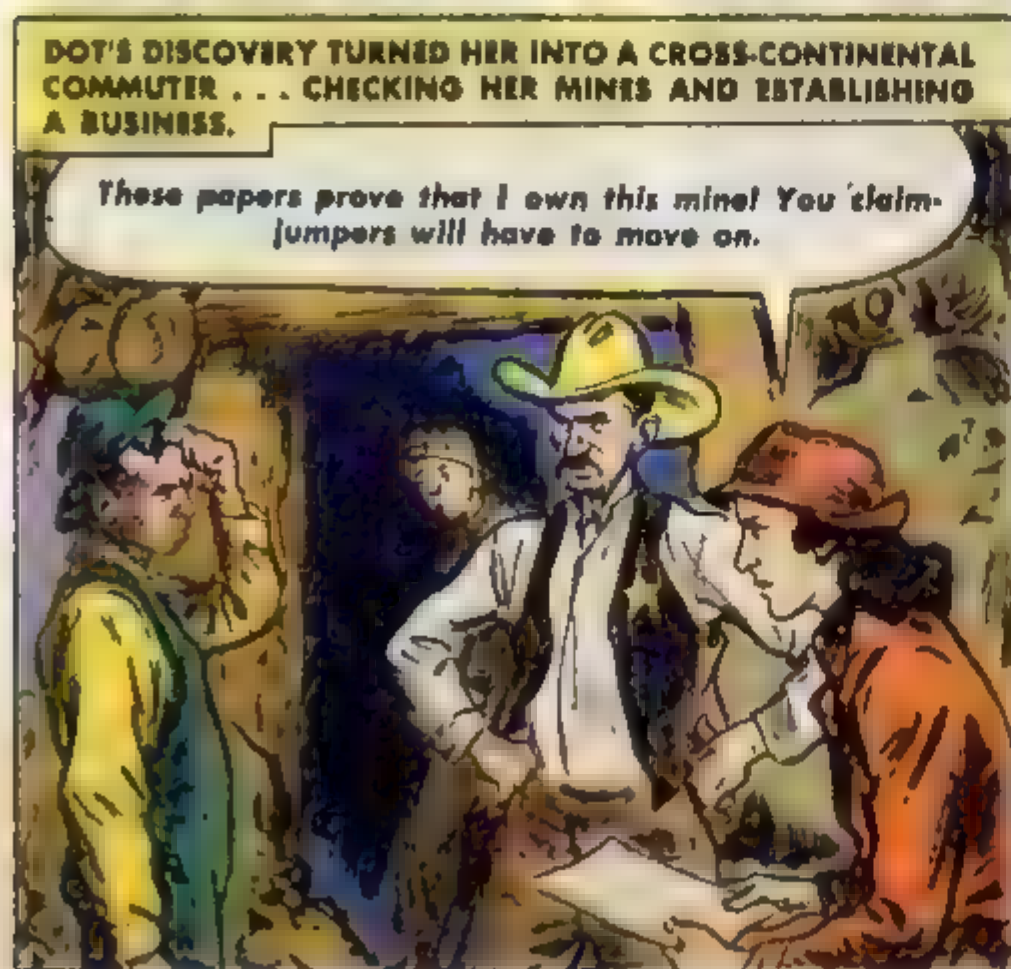


Five o'clock. Aren't you leaving, Dot?

No, I have some research to do . . . in old mining records.



I knew it! Dad DID have claims on chrome mines. I'm a mine owner!



DOT'S DISCOVERY TURNED HER INTO A CROSS-CONTINENTAL COMMUTER . . . CHECKING HER MINES AND ESTABLISHING A BUSINESS.

These papers prove that I own this mine! You claim-jumpers will have to move on.

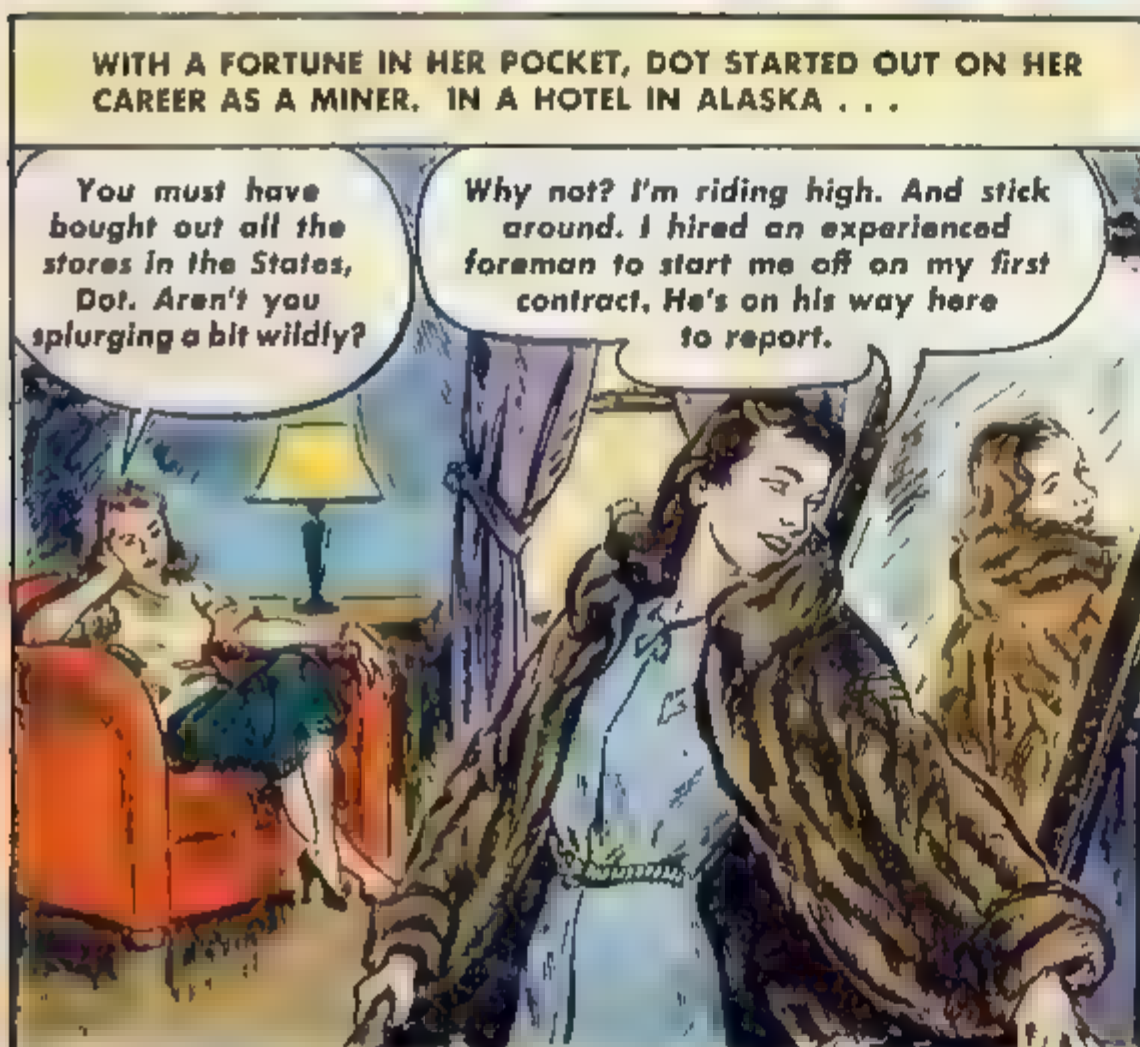
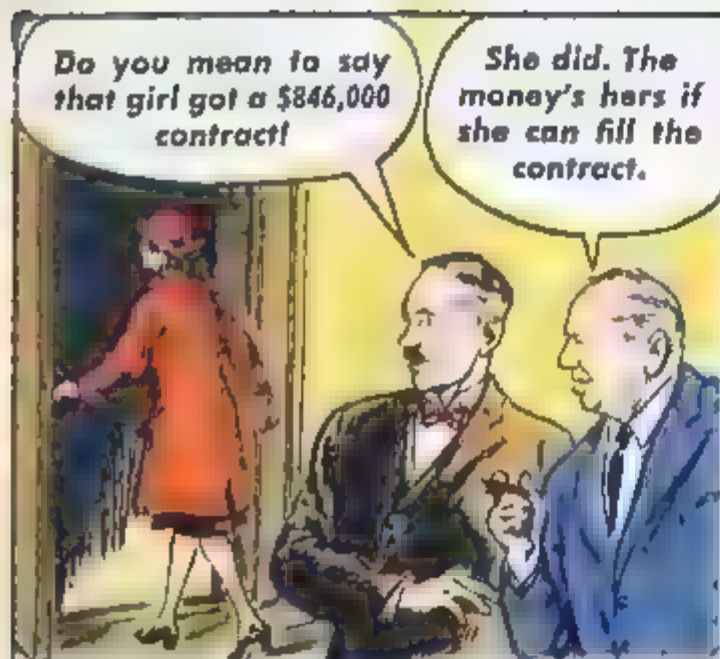


BEFORE LONG, DOT STARTED TO MAKE MONEY FROM HER MINES.

You've convinced us.

There's your contract to deliver 25,000 tons of chrome ore.

Thank you.



THE FOREMAN WAS RIGHT. DOT'S BANKROLL WAS SOON EXHAUSTED AND SHE WAS UNABLE TO FILL HER CONTRACT.

It just couldn't be done.

I've failed. I've lost a fortune by bad planning.

I don't know what to do. Just \$11.00 left.

You've still got three good chrome mines.

DOT LITERALLY STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN. SHE WORKED HARD, LEARNING THE CHROME BUSINESS FROM THE GROUND UP AND FROM THE VETERAN MINERS WHO WORKED FOR HER.

It looks like iron.

My, there's a lot to learn!

We've been digging at it for years!

STEP BY STEP SHE BUILT HER BUSINESS UNTIL IN 1943 . . .

Your boss sure knows the chrome business.

Of course. That's why we call her "Queenie" . . . She's the queen of chrome.

DOT MORONEY'S MINES NOW EXTEND FROM ALASKA TO CALIFORNIA.

I'm proud to have paid off Dad's debts and made his dreams come true, but prouder to be contributing essential chrome ore to the United States war effort.

THE MYSTERY OF THE THIEVING SPOOKS

(Continued from page 10)

"Jill, is that red hair on top of it?"

"I hope not, but—it does look like it. Dave, what do you think?"

"Suppose it could be anything," Dave answered, looking down at the indistinguishable blur. "Can't see from here. There's not enough light. Come on, let's see," he suggested.

Babs, before agreeing, picked up the fire poker. Jill got the flashlight from the hall closet, and they went out.

They were almost under the window when Dave, a little ahead of the others, swung the flashlight and stopped short. The indistinguishable blur on the ground was a blur no longer.

Babs shuddered and drew back a step. She could not bring herself to look at the red-rimmed eyes staring unseeingly from a face the color of death. The twisted mouth, the wild red hair and fierce brows—they were too horrible.

"Gosh!" Ronnie exclaimed, and stared. "It's a mask!"

Dave, after examining the false face, laughed. "It was a good scare stunt. The thing looks almost lifelike. Wonder why they went to all that trouble. Personally, I think the Spooks are crazy."

"Jeepers! Look!" Dave exclaimed. He was holding a grimy piece of paper in his hands, which he had just taken from the ground. "The Spooks again! Listen. It says,

"Stop your meddlesome ways, or else . . . Your last and final warning from the Spooks!"

"Dave," Jill cried, rushing to him, "let me see!" She almost snatched the message from his hand in her eagerness to read it herself. The irregularity of the crayoned letters and the

same coarse paper proved beyond a doubt that the warning was from the Spooks.

The sound of snapping twigs interrupted her. It came from the shrubs on the other side of the garden. A moment later running footsteps were heard pounding down the road.

EXAM PAINS

By LIDA WALKER

Sixteen Years Old

Winner of 8th Place in Camp Fire Girls
Annual Poetry Contest

I struggle and bone up and try to remember
All I forgot, that I learned in September;
But on the exam day with quivering heart,
When I open my "Blue Book" and look with a start,
I see that I studied in vain.

I studied square root till the breaking of dawn.
She gives me quadrations! My chances are gone.
"Monroe was elected by how many votes?"
How should I know? Next year I'll take notes.
Gee, but exams are a pain.

Everyone's leaving. Exams they have finished.
I feel that my average has greatly diminished.
I guess there's no hope and I'll turn my test in.
I think there's a hollow where once there has been
A meager, but usable brain.

"Quick! After him!" Dave shouted, and dashed toward the gate.

The night was not too dark to see a huge hulking figure, about fifty yards ahead, swerve off the road and crash through the bayberry bushes toward the beach.

But the figure was too quick for them. They got to the beach just in time to see a rowboat pull off from shore. By the time they had another rowboat in the water, the other boat had vanished. They rowed after it blindly.

Suddenly Dave stilled his oars and motioned to Ronnie to do the same. "There's a boat straight ahead of us," he whispered. "It isn't moving, but listen . . . Don't you hear the water lapping against its sides?" They did.

Their boat glided silently over the water. A few more

smooth strokes and then . . .

"Nuts!" Ronnie said, disappointed. "It's only Tom Jenkins."

"Well, I like that!" the fisherman snorted. "Who'd you expect? The . . ."

"Tom," Dave cut in quickly, "did you see a man in a rowboat?"

"Nope. But I heard oars," was the reply. "Went off toward the islands. Say, what's up?"

"Manhunt," Dave said, pulling away.

As the boys rowed toward the islands in pursuit, Jill wondered about the crumpled piece of paper Babs had brought from the cave. Where had she seen the words "Macanny" and "Ghostly Trio" before? Suddenly she remembered. On the old vaudeville program found in Mr. Ecks' house.

"Hey, kids!" she cried. "The Spooks are in Mr. Ecks' house—on the second floor.

There's a secret staircase to it. There must be." Quickly she told them why.

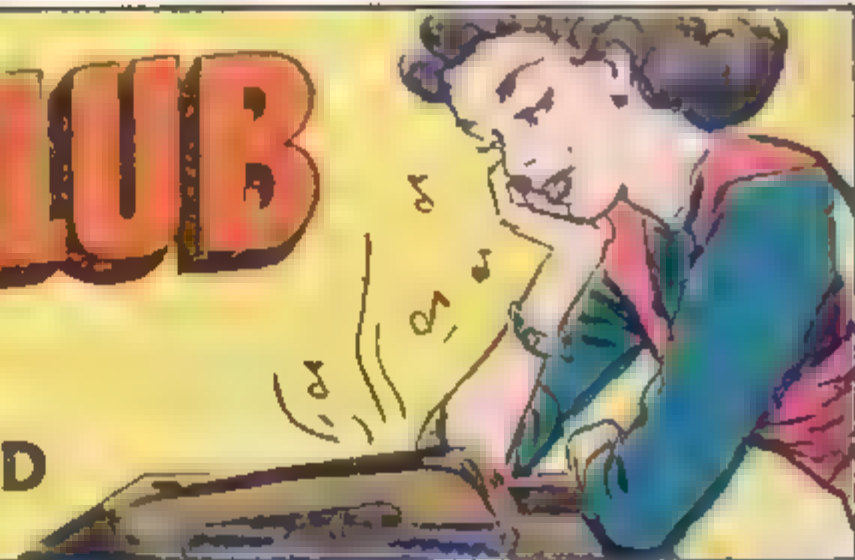
The boys rowed with added speed toward Deadwood Isle. The house stood ominously silent above the rising water which had crept past the steps and into the protective cove. Not a ray of light was visible nor was there a sound within or without. The place with its dreary trees and barren rocks seemed more than ever to belong to the grave.

Leaving the boat tied to the steps, the four young people made their way up to the door. Jill's hands felt icy as Dave turned the handle and inched the door open. Slowly it gave way. She held her breath and stared into the widening blackness. Would the big Spook pounce out at them? Or was he lying in wait, ready to

(Continued on page 52)

The VICTORY CLUB

ON THE RECORD



Gang, I've got a wonderful idea for advertising our War Stamp Rally.



Since we're the Victory Club's publicity committee, everybody expects us to think up something new.

You mean something more besides what we've already done?

What's your idea, Nan?



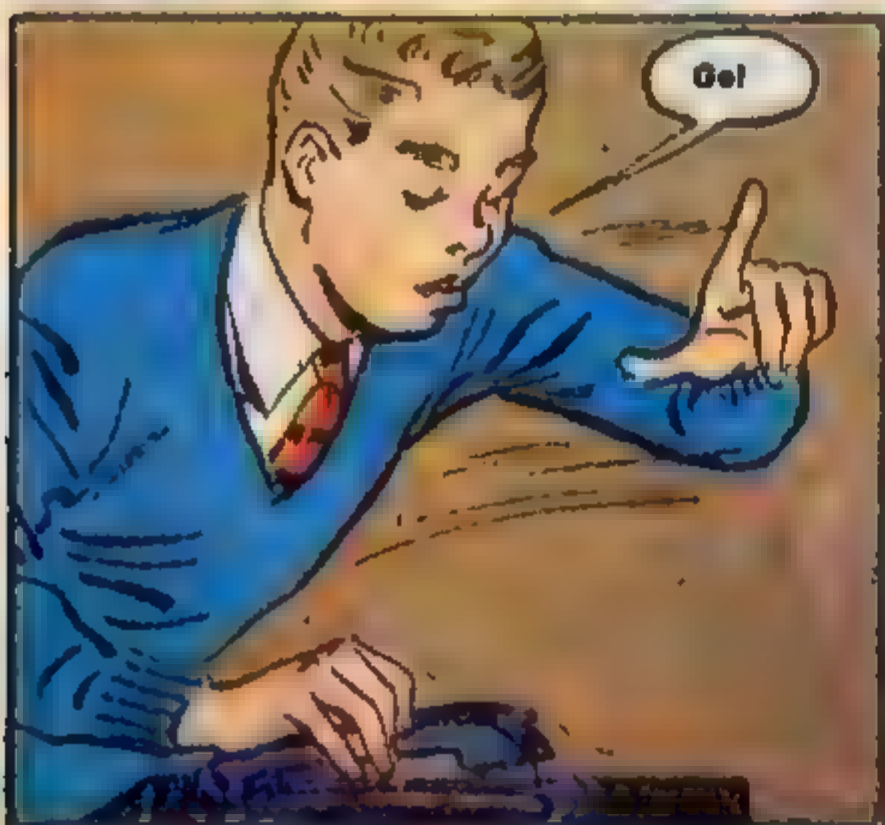
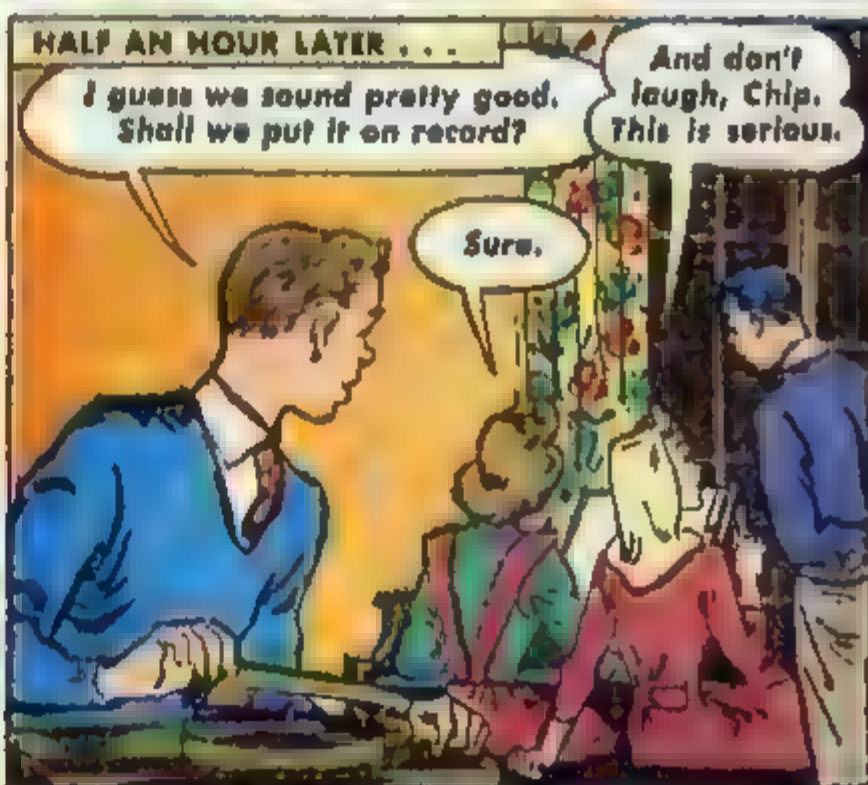
A record . . . to be broadcast over the loud-speaker system right in the middle of the noon music here in the cafeteria!

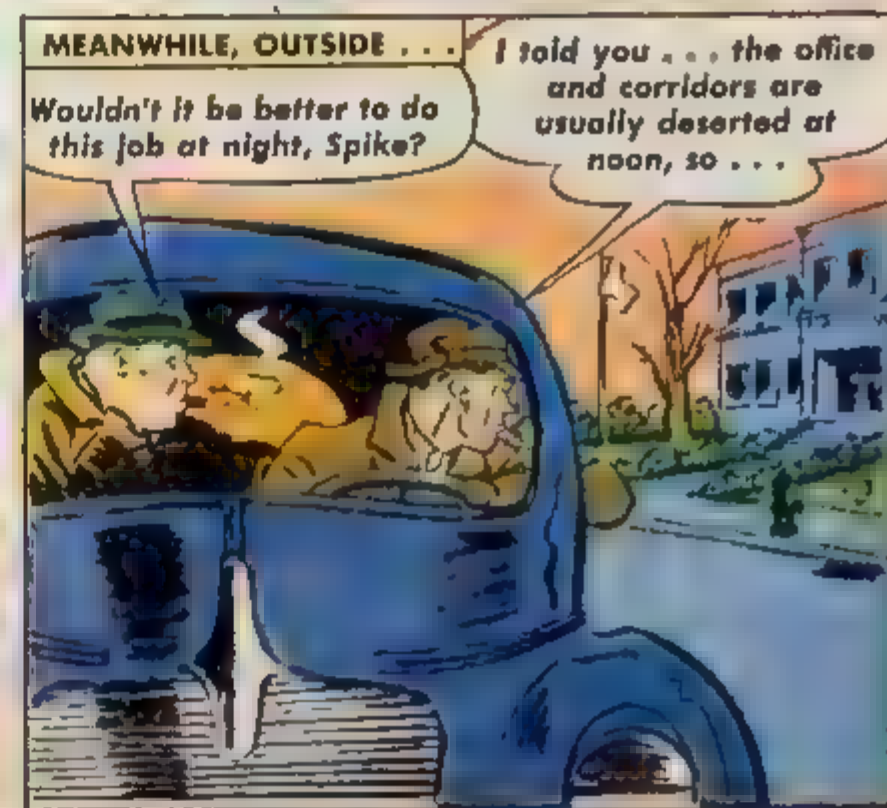
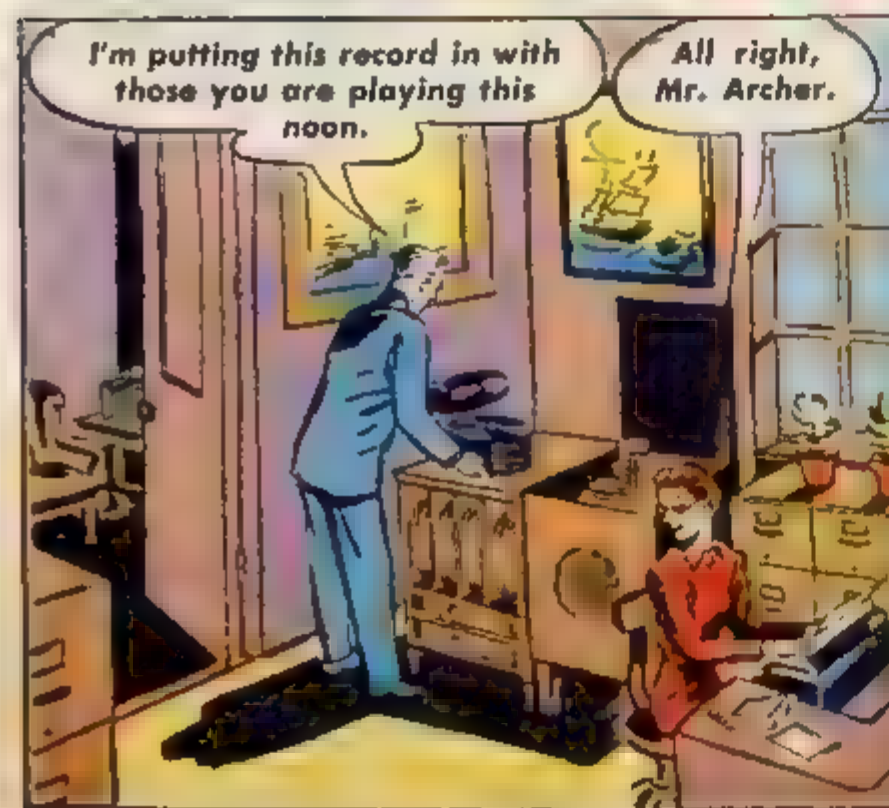
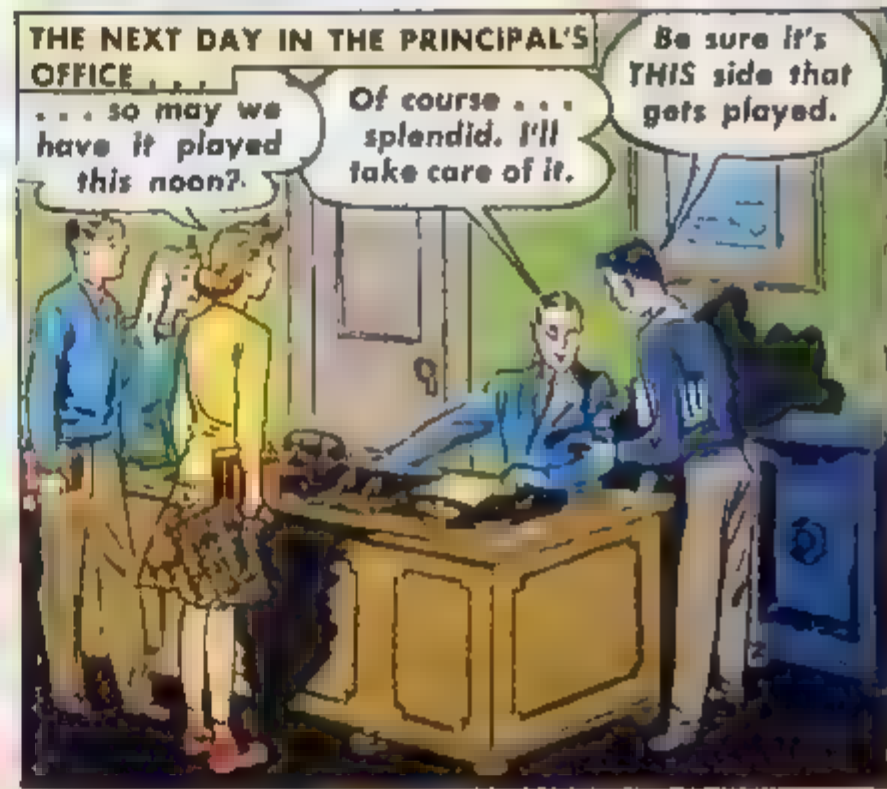
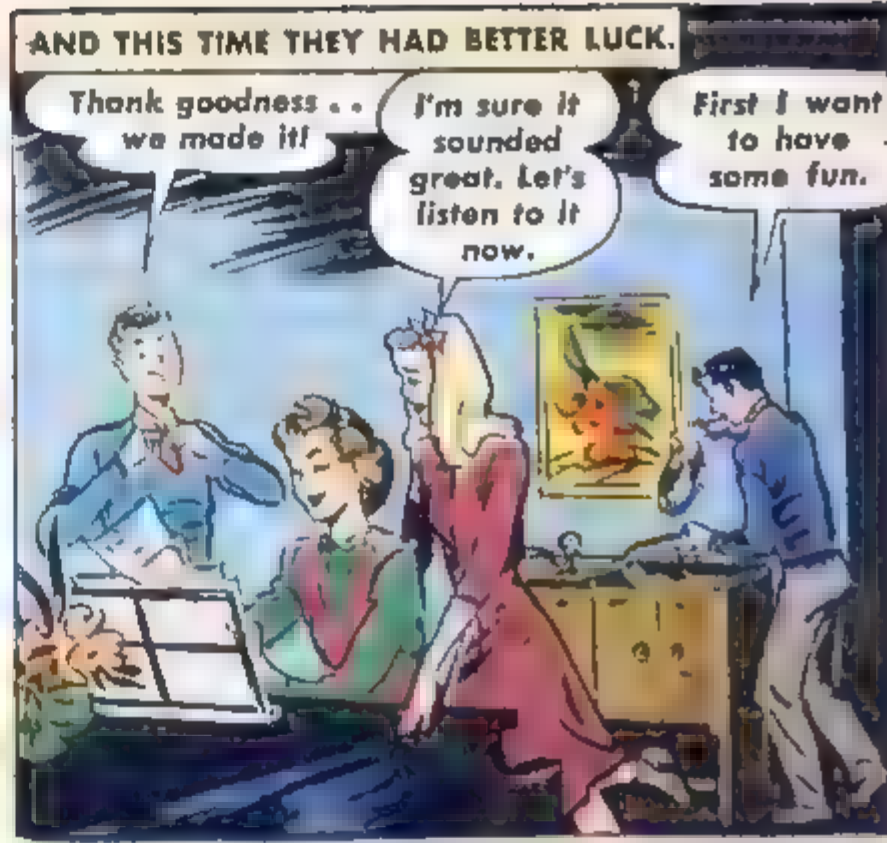
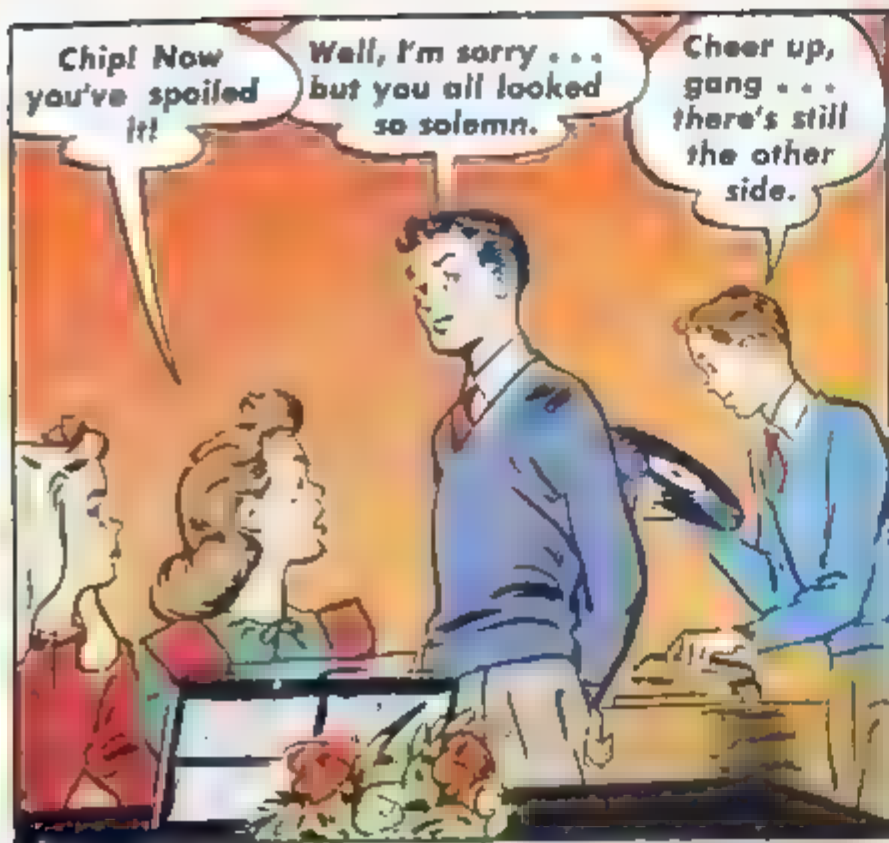


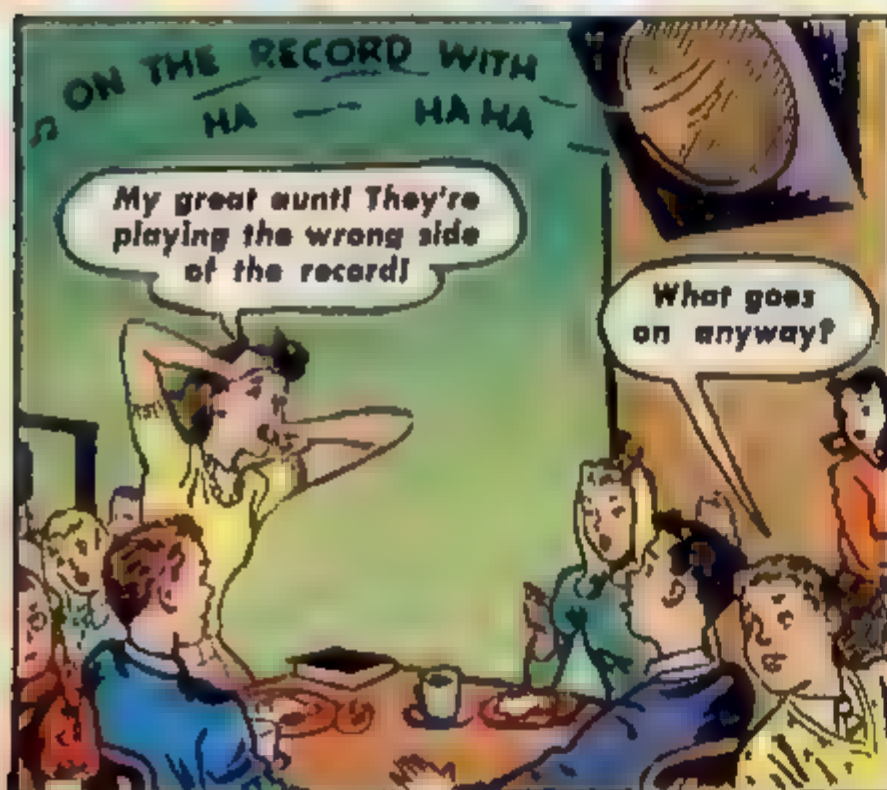
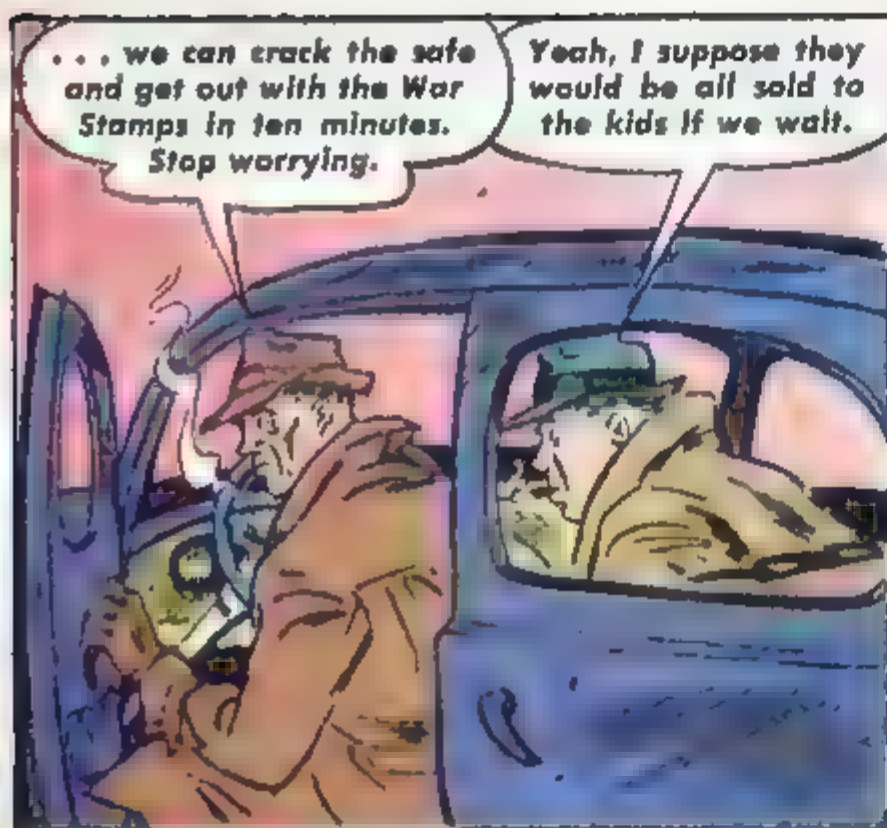
Say, that's great!

But where'll we get the record?

We'll make it!
We'll write a song and . . .



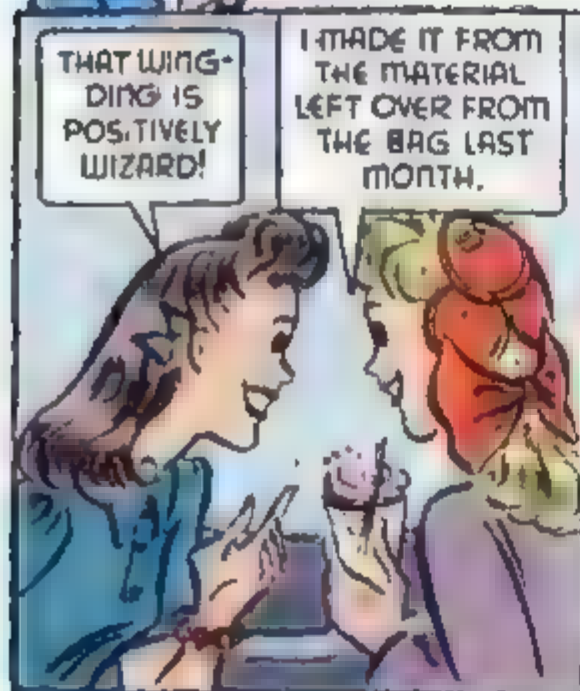




IT'S FUN TO SEW

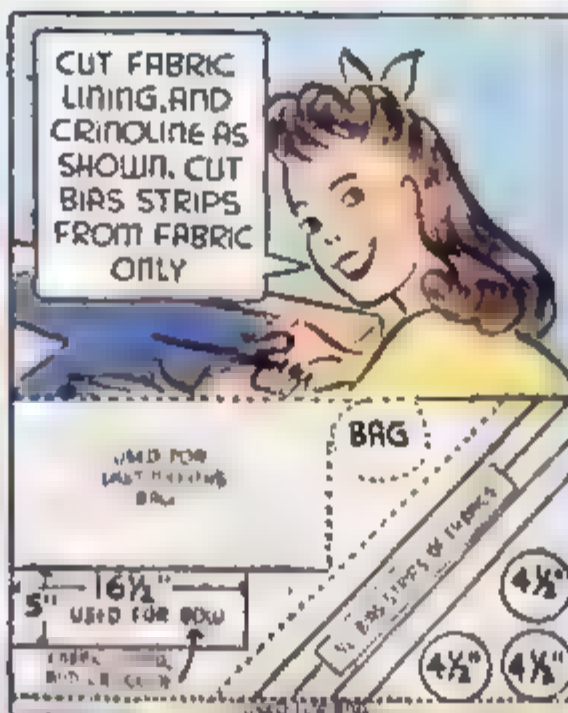
CHAPTER V

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN MILLINER



THAT WING-
DING IS
POSITIVELY
WIZARD!

I MADE IT FROM
THE MATERIAL
LEFT OVER FROM
THE BAG LAST
MONTH.



CUT FABRIC
LINING, AND
CRINOLINE AS
SHOWN. CUT
BIAS STRIPS
FROM FABRIC
ONLY

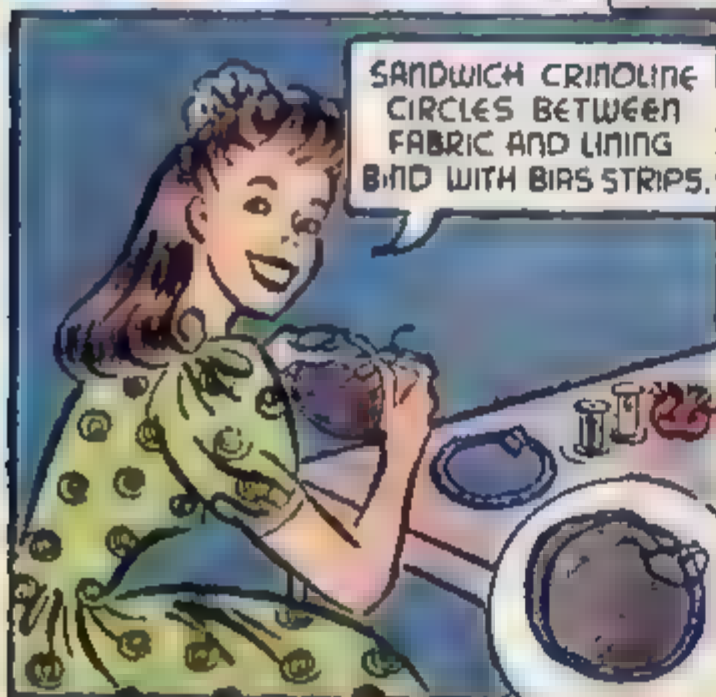
WIND FOR
LAST MONTH'S
BAG

BAG

5" 16 1/2"
USED FOR BOW

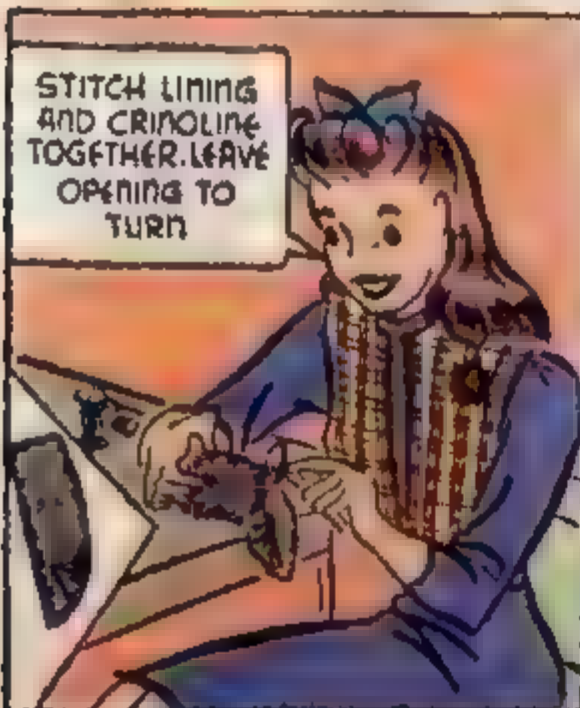
4 1/2"

4 1/2"

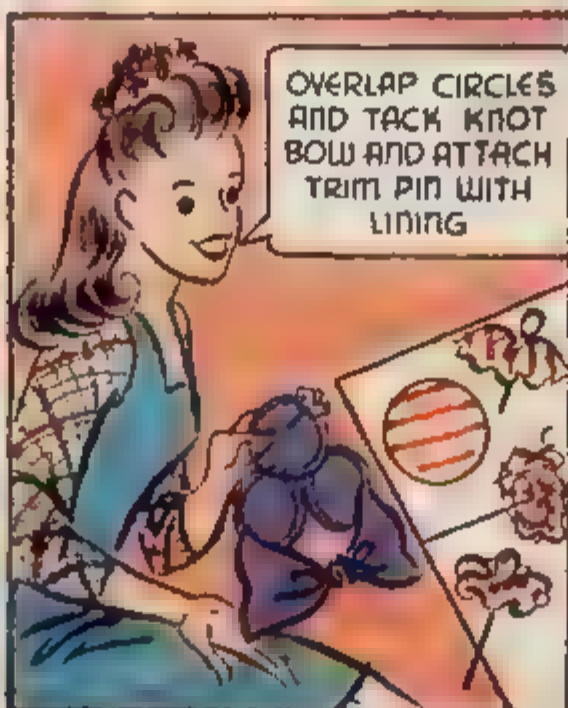


SANDWICH CRINOLINE
CIRCLES BETWEEN
FABRIC AND LINING
BAND WITH BIAS STRIPS.

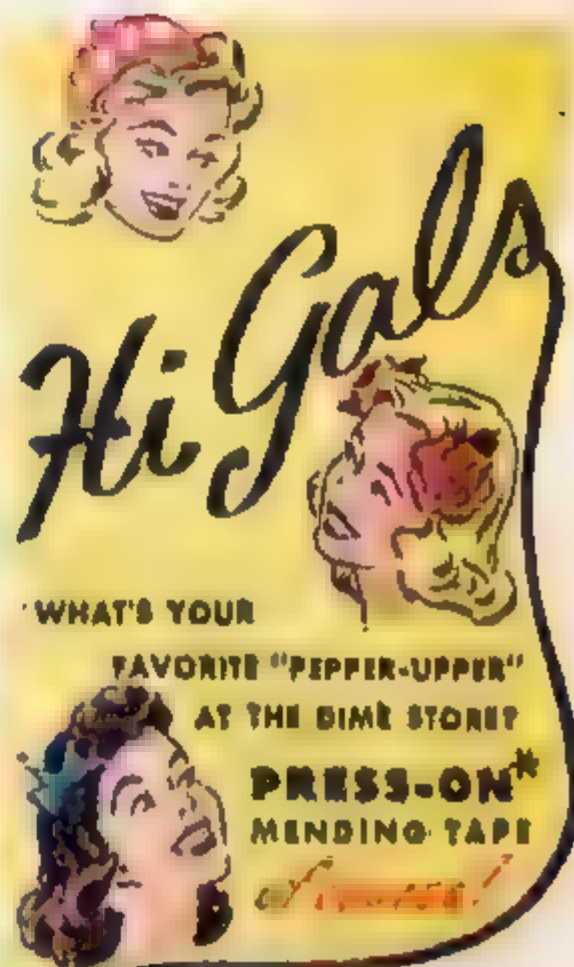
AREN'T we going places with needle and thread? If you have followed this feature each month, you should have a scarf, an apron, suspenders, and a drawstring bag and you should agree with us that "It's Fun to Sew." Now let's make a hat to match our bag. For detailed "It's Fun to Sew" Leaflet, Number 5, send stamped, addressed envelope (make it large size, please) to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



STITCH LINING
AND CRINOLINE
TOGETHER. LEAVE
OPENING TO
TURN

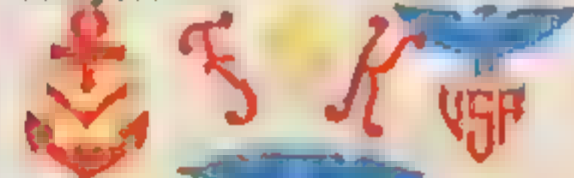


OVERLAP CIRCLES
AND TACK KNOT
BOW AND ATTACH
TRIM PIN WITH
LINING



WHAT'S YOUR
FAVORITE "PEPPER-UPPER"
AT THE DIME STORE?
PRESS-ON*
MENDING TAPE

Get hep to that wonderful, just-like-magic Press-On Mending Tape! In a place—Press-On with a hot iron—and presto—you have a waterproof mend or applique! But first—send away for the Press-On "idea" book, for a few pence. Tells you how! Gives you 100 peppy appliques in color, actual tracing size, to decorate your clothes; also 35 exciting hints on "mending" with Press-On & a hot iron. How about starting on these?



1. INITIAL YOUR CLOTHES

Wear your society, club initials or military emblems on your dress, blouse, skirt or hat. Cut them out of Press-On tape. Iron on! It's done! Copasetic, isn't it?

2. SEW YOUR OWN

Wouldn't you like to make a pretty dirndl skirt, yourself? Well, don't sew the hem. Turn it up with Press-On tape—in a few seconds! See other yum-zooky dressmaking hints in book.



3. MEND IT—MAKE IT GO

Make it last for Uncle Sam! It's fun with Press-On Mending Tape, to fix a rip, tear or burn in your clothes; also to patch up music, leather, paper and books, etc.

Press-On Gals!

Write today for your 66-page book, "Peppy Decorating and Mending with a Hot Iron" and sample piece of Press-On. And here's an idea! Why not start a Press-On Club?

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and good department, grocery, drug,
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Write Mark G. Miller, Press-On, Inc.



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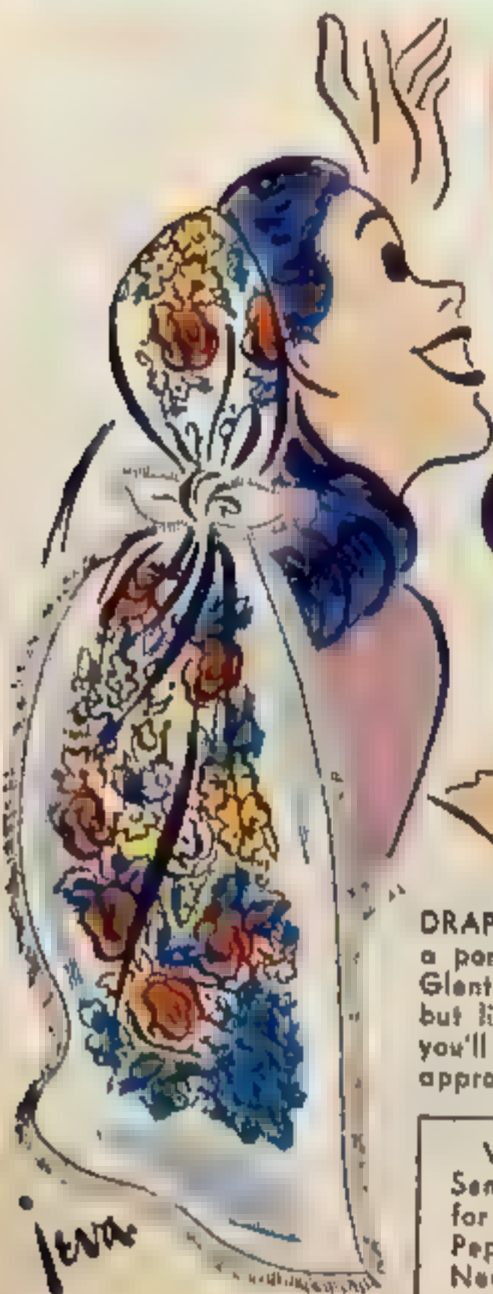
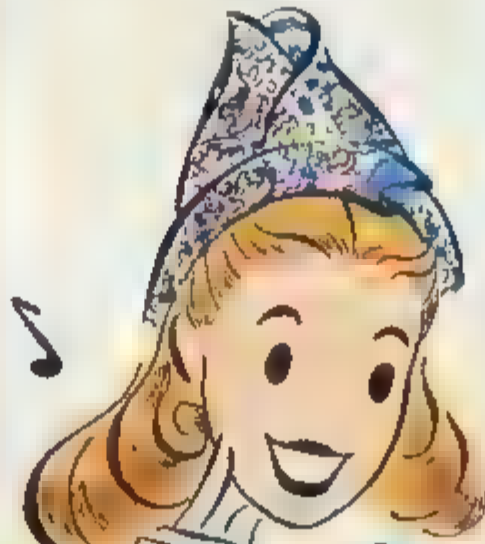
PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A
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Headlines on the SQUARE

WHEN you're not wearing a hat (and we hope you've discovered that a becoming hat is the sincerest form of flattery), try out these tricks with a square 28" Glentex scarf. Tying a scarf under your chin went out with last year's song hits. Today's slick chicks make their own headlines.



SNOODIE—One of the most popular scarf tricks is the snood at left. It forms a protecting bag for your long bob and fans out becomingly around your face. Camouflage for curlers, too.



DRAPEROO, 'at left, is a good idea for gals who still sport a pompadour. Works best with a filmy sheer spun rayon Glentex scarf. **DUTCHIE**, center, takes a little practicing, but like bike riding and ice skating, once you learn how you'll never forget it. **PIXIE**, right above, is the closest approach to a hat that you can achieve with a scarf.

Want to learn how to use your head and a scarf? Send stamped, addressed envelope (large size, please) for free "Tricks with Scarves" leaflet. Address Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE BANDEAUX

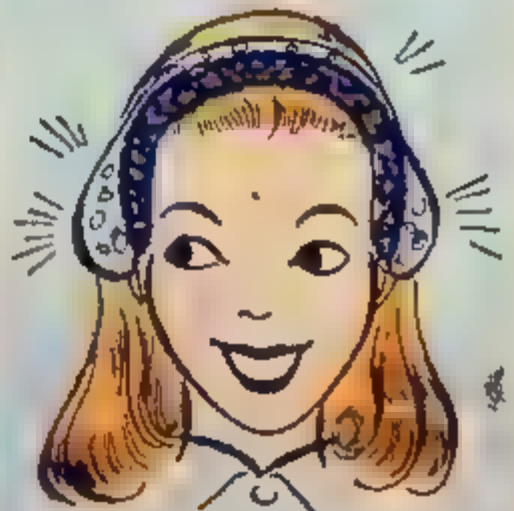
Smooth brows and long page boys are definitely IN again—sleek, shining (from lots of brushing), and serene. Over them these bandeaux, which you make to match each outfit.



Wear your bandeau over a pointed beanie. Braid is a smart trim, velveteen a dress-up fabric. You can make both beanie and bandeau.



Wear your bandeau without a beanie. Make it in felt and trim it with Rody-Cut felt flower applique. Very pleasantly peasant.



With a strip of fur across the front, and sequins, you can look like a princess in a tiara-shaped bandeau. Imagine making it yourself!

For free instruction sheet on Bandeaux Beaters, send stamped addressed envelope (large size, please).

For

SWEATER COLLECTORS only



Above—It's lavender and it's the new bulky, loosely knit style. In other words, it's burnt to a crisp. A Hi-Girl Sweater, worn by 15-year-old Gwen Currier. That's a Joan Lord dickey.

Right—There's a new fad spreading around the country—the Norwegian-style ski sweater, first adopted by the boys—now borrowed by the girls. Rita Lynch, aged 14, photographed with her brother, Bernard, wears Jantzen's reindeer sweater. See it in color on our cover.



By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

YOU girls may have differences of opinions about baritones (are you for Bing or Frank?), but there's one subject on which you all agree—SWEATERS. Let a new color or a new style come out in sweaters and you're not happy until you've added it to your collection. Here are three rare items to swoon over



Left—Sixteen-year-old Nancy Frankel is in a Sinatrance, or does her Hi-Girl Confetti sweater send her? Florence Walsh Dickey.

For name of stores in your city featuring collectors sweaters, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave. New York 17, N.Y. They're all "limited editions," but we'll try to locate them for you locally.

Looks are SO
deceiving . . .
WHEN YOUR JUMPER IS A
CHUBBETTE



For you, young chubbies, who like to look INCHES LESS, here's the perfect Spring jumper. Only one of our famous rayon jumpers expressly designed to FIT a chubby size and smart as a whip when it comes to styling. (Cotton blouse sold separately).

Mother knows best about workmanship and detailing. She knows you can't beat CHUBBETTE fashions for quality!

Sold at leading stores everywhere or write to:

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Jabberwocky and JIVE

HI, KITTEN, what's mewin with the Soda Fountain Crowd? Are you still swaying to "People Will Say We're in Love"? Are you still swinging to "Pistol-Packin' Mama"? Are you still crooning to "Paper Doll"? As we write this, they're the three top tunes, according to a recent Hi-Style Scout questionnaire. In fact, keen teens are wearing toy pistol holsters on their belts (they sew up the bottom end and use the holster for cosmetic carryalls) and they're decorating their lapels with miniature wooden pistols in holsters.

SHORT, SHORT STORIES

The latest way to lose friends and aggravate people is to tell the new Short, Short Stories. They go like this: You ask, "Did you hear the story about the ocean?" "No," says your unsuspecting companion, "what is

DO YOU SAY—

"Oh, my shattered nerves."
 "Indeed I do."
 "He has a crew cut."
 "It's the gremlins."
 "They're going steady."
 "He's a drip."
 "Cut my hair and call me shorty."

OR DO YOU SAY—

"Oh, my battered curves!"
 "Indood I dee."
 "He's been in a hair raid."
 "It's Umbriago."
 "They're frozen."
 "He's a void coupon."
 "Roast my ears and call me corny."

it?" Your answer is, "Oh, it's too deep for you." Almost as repulsive as the "Knock, Knock" gags, only more so. They get worse and worse. Don't say we didn't warn you. Here are some more that you can spring on the kids at school.

Did you hear the story about the dirty window? You couldn't see through it, anyway

Did you hear the story about the growing girl? It's too gruesome for you.

MORON MIX-UPS

Who ever thought that the

Little Moron would actually come in handy at a party? Just imagine that the boys are all huddled in one corner, looking vaguely miserable, and the girls are all giggling in another corner and everybody's wondering when—and if—the party is going to jell. Along comes the hostess with two boxes full of papers, one box for the boys and the other for the girls. Each boy picks a Little Moron question and each girl picks a Little Moron answer. Then the fun begins when the boys go in search of the girls with the right answers. By the time everyone has found his partner the party is really in the groove.

In case you'd like to try a Little Moron Mix-Up at your next party, here are some Little Moron stories that are just starting to make the rounds.

Why did the Little Moron put a shoehorn in his hat band? To make it blow.

Why did the Little Moron wrap newspaper around the potatoes before he planted them? To keep the dirt out of their eyes.

Why did the Little Moron buy a pick and shovel? Because he found out he was a minor.

Why did the Little Moron run 'round and 'round his bed? To catch up on some sleep.

And—while we're on the fascinating subject, do you know who the father of the Little Moron is? Pop Corn, of course. And, did you hear about the Little Moron who thought he was Hitler—and he was? That's all, chums, there's no more on!

SAY KIDS!
RED GOOSE SHOES
ARE REALLY
"OUT OF THIS WORLD"

RED GOOSE SHOES
ARE
"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"

Yes! ..RED GOOSE SHOES are "solid" with America's younger set. Naturally, because these popular shoes are not only good-looking and long-wearing...they give delightful comfort to busy feet.

This is
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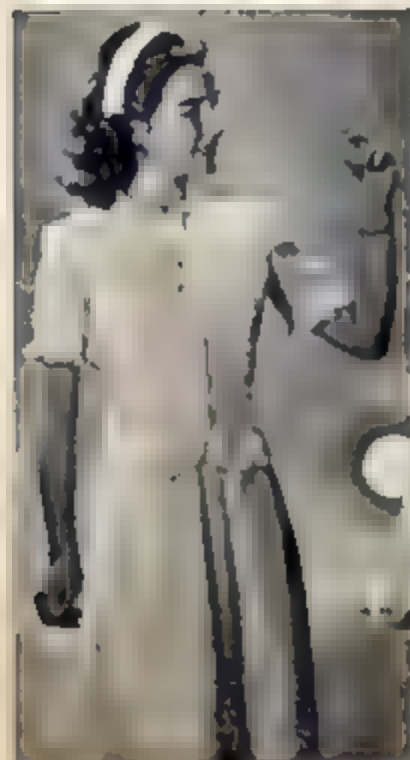
Ask to See It at Your
Favorite Shoe Store

Let's have some more Laugh Letters from you for our Jabberwocky & Jive column. Address your letters to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, New York.



No. 3436, drawstring blouse and wasp-waisted dirndl skirt. Make it of Everfast Erin, a washable, crush-resistant spun rayon that looks just like a fine, sheer linen.

Pick a Two-Piece Pattern For Graduation



MEET this month's cover girl, 13-year-old Jackie Macmillan, who will graduate from Professional Children's School this year. Jackie helps you select your graduation dress pattern by suggesting two-piece styles that are easy to make and smart to wear long after graduation. Try Jackie's smooth, well-brushed hair-do with a Band Leader bandeau, as she wears it here and on the front cover

No. 3435, hug-me-tight jacket style that can be trimmed with eyelet edging. For good results make it up in Wesco's Serg-a-Med rayon fabric.

Advance Patterns No. 3435 and No. 3436, both in sizes 9 to 17. Price 125c each. Obtain from your local dealer or by sending cash to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. State pattern number and size.

ETON Britisher



The Blazer of Your Dreams!

LONG a college tradition . . . now a Hi-School furor. It's the authentic campus blazer, your wear-with-all to wear with pride. Right smart investment for now and the college years ahead. Tailored to a "T" in 100 per cent wool, with white pearl buttons, contrasting color piping and fully lined with Earl-Gla rayon. Navy with White or Red, Hunter Green with White or Red, Christmas Red with White, Brown with White, Men's Wear Gray with Red.

About \$15.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

New York City

New York

YOUR CROWNING GLORY

Here are approved and easy ways to shampoo and set your hair so that it will be a shining asset

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

WASHING one's own hair has come to be as casual a routine as bathing. Which is all to the good, provided one doesn't allow casual to mean careless. The frequency of shampoos is something you must decide for yourself, for authorities simply don't agree. One or two weeks is the average length of time between washings, however,



1—A good shampoo begins with a vigorous brushing to remove the surface dirt and exercise and wake up the scalp.

2—For a good sudsy massage, get up plenty of lather, then hold fingers firmly on the scalp and move it, not them.

3—Pin curls are made by forming a small circle of hair at the end of a strand, then winding it right up to the scalp.

4—However hair is set, it should be covered with a net and dried quickly. Then brushed and combed, a section at a time.

the amount specified. Using too much shampoo is the main cause of rinsing difficulties. Use only half the shampoo you've mixed in a cup for the first sudsing. Rinse under the shower or with a hand spray or by dipping water in a small pan which has a handle and pouring it over the scalp and through the hair. Now use the remainder of the shampoo and



and millions of average you's and me's can't be wrong. But whatever way you mark your hair-washing date calendar, put a big check for thoroughness. We prefer Saturday morning for shampoos because hair needs time for drying.

Use whatever shampoo makes your hair look best—soap (but don't rub the bar on your hair), liquid shampoo, or a liquid soapless shampoo with hair conditioner added. The method of using a shampoo varies with its formula. The best guide to success is the directions on the bottle. One liquid shampoo, for instance, is applied directly from the bottle to the hair and scalp before any water is added. Instead of two separate sudsings you continue to add water, once the hair is wet, producing



more and more lather until finally no additional lather forms and the hair is ready for rinsing.

Another prepared shampoo advises wetting the hair first with warm, not hot, water. Follow directions for diluting this particular shampoo, but be sure to use no more than

this time give the scalp a strong massage with handfuls of suds.

Rinsing, too, is more thorough the second time, for now every bit of suds must go. Soap left in the hair not only dulls it but attracts dirt, so that by Tuesday you wail, "You'd never know I washed my hair Saturday." When thoroughly rinsed, rub most of the moisture out of your hair with a bath towel, and if possible finish drying in the sun. Then brush your hair vigorously until your locks literally shine.

Which reminds us to remind you about daily hair brushing. Why do we repeat and repeat that brushing is the best hair treatment ever devised? Because it cleans each strand of hair of the day's dust and surplus oil, it lets the air circulate

through the hair, it exercises the scalp with the pull on the hair as well as with the passage of the brush bristles over the scalp. But in addition to all this, brushing makes hair manageable. Five minutes every day, and within six months, unless the witches cursed your hair at birth, you will have tractable locks.

But let's get back to the shampoo and the setting process which follows. Before pinning up your curls you must decide what style of finished coiffure you want, for curls are fastened in the direction you want your hair to go when combed. If you have decided on one of the many fluffed-out fashions of doing your hair, pin curls will be your best bet. These curls are frequently brushed out, all but the ends for tucking in. But even if worn practically straight, the curl does two things for the hair—gives it body and trains it in the right direction.

For making pin curls, the hair is dampened and neatly parted in sections, always keeping the outline of the finished hair-do in mind. (You may find, if your hair is naturally curly or you have a rather tight permanent, that it is easier to set the hair while it is still wet from the shampoo rather than letting it dry first.) Always make hair partings clean by using the point of the comb and following through on the path you start. A wobbly part makes a smudgy hair-do. Vary the parting from time to time so that the hair doesn't become too set in its ways.

Having divided the hair, put the curls in, one section at a time. Be just as exact in parting each tiny triangle of hair for a pin curl as you were in making the larger sections of hair. You can readily see that if a few hairs from one curl get rolled into the curl next to it, when combed out they won't fit smoothly into a wave. When it is rolled to the scalp (see illustration #3), the curl is fastened in place with hairpins or with toothpicks dipped in paraffin. For good results the curls

should all be made the same size and placed close together, but not overlapping at the scalp.

The direction of the curls determines the type of wave. For example, for a modified pompadour, part one section above the face about a half inch back from the hairline and arrange the hair in curls turned toward the face. Back of this row a second row of curls is turned toward the crown of the head (see illustration #4). This arrangement, known as "reverse curls," will make face-framing waves which can be brushed under to form a pompadour or brushed out to make a halo of curls. Reverse curls at the sides either form soft side rolls or are brushed out into clusters of casual little curls. Longer hair can be set in three to five rows in back and at the sides.

If the hair is rather long or in need of a permanent wave, metal curlers are sometimes substituted for hairpins. These make tight curls that last better in long hair than do soft, loose curls. Ringlets and waves are obtained by brushing the hair when dry over the fingers or using a handy "rat-tail" comb. After each section is arranged, it is pinned securely before the next section is combed out.

For the new sleek hair-do you'll need a flat finger wave. Part your hair the way it is to be worn—center or either side. Dampen well with water or wave-set, then push in the first wave with a comb and hold it firmly with the fingers of the left hand, while you take the comb in your right hand and comb the remaining hair in the opposite direction. Bobby pins or metal clips hold the wave in place while you go on to the next one, though a single large wave is smarter for the demure parted coiffure. Then the head is tied up tightly in a net, held with hairpins.

When the hair is completely dry comes the exciting moment, the reward for your painstaking efforts! For after the final brushing and combing, you will find your hair is really and truly your crowning glory.

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TOPS for Hair

Care

Your Hair can be alluringly soft and shining if you keep it always immaculately clean with the use of *Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo*. You see, *FITCH SHAMPOO* is especially made to thoroughly cleanse both the hair and the scalp... helps bring out those lovely natural highlights that every girl wants in her hair. *FITCH SHAMPOO* is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms.

Fitch Is Easy to Use

Follow these simple directions: Apply the shampoo directly from the bottle onto the hair and scalp before you add any water. Massage the scalp well with the hands... then add water to make a rich foamy lather. Remove the lather as it forms and after all the lather has been removed, rinse the hair with clear water... no special after-rinse is necessary. After your hair dries, notice how it fairly gleams with little, sparkling lights, notice how soft and fluffy it is. Other members of your family will like *FITCH SHAMPOO* too... tell them it's available at drug and department stores everywhere.

Fitch's

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Some odds and ends
Plus imagination
Make a new accessory
A real sensation

Gadgets for Girls

Muff Your Ears—Take a piece of wire, about fifteen inches long, and hook two large powder puffs on the ends. Embroider a design or your initials on the puffs. These ear muffs will be ideal against the frosty blasts.—*Gloria Pfautch, Oakland, Calif.* Or if you're the wacky kind, get yourself an extra set of knit gloves and some ribbons. Sew the fingers of one glove to the corresponding fingers of the other. Drape this contraption over your head, with the palms of the gloves covering your ears. Ribbon ties at the wrist fasten under your chin! Silly, isn't it?—*Ann Harder, Bath, N. Y.*

To Suit the Dressmaker—An empty adhesive tape spool is just the thing on which to wind your tape measure. In this way, the

tape will be kept neat, clean, and ready to use.—*Frances Robert, Montreal, Que.* Have you a wide belt that is always wrinkling and crushing? Help it stay smooth, and wide, by sewing several strips of stiff cardboard on the inside.—*Ann Janoski, Smithfield, Ohio.* If you like to design your own clothes, get a picture of yourself in a bathing suit or play suit and have it enlarged. Then you'll have your own self paper doll

on which to design your clothes.—*Jeanne Renius, Hollywood, Calif.*



About Your Room—Neat lounging slippers can be made from a pair of woolly socks. Using heavy cardboard, cut out four soles (make the pattern by drawing around a flat-heeled shoe). Put one sole in each sock and one on the outside of each. Blanket-stitch the two soles together. This will be a comfortable pair of lounging slippers—one pair that won't keep falling off and leaving your toes out in the cold! You can make several pairs in the different colors you like best.—*Eleanor Krieg, St. Marys, Pa.* Have you ever been stymied in your nightly hair-putting-up by not being able to get into the bathroom to dampen it? Save time by having a hair-water spray on your dresser. Window cleaner bottles, with a spray-top attachment, or old perfume atomizers (filled with water!) are perfect for this.—*Mary Busch, Inglewood, Calif.* An old peasant skirt can be converted into a very different sort of dressing-table skirt. Split one side seam and tack the skirt around the dresser. If the skirt has pockets they come in handy as holders for combs, curlers, and pins.—*Marianne A. Kokotow, Kirkland Lakes, Ont.* On the other hand, if you have a small room, with no room for a dressing table, do not despair. There is one place we bet you could fit in a little one—on the inside of the closet door! Hang a mirror on the door. Under it, build a shelf with a rim around it to hold your brush and comb and other necessities. The ridge is important, otherwise everything would fly off when you close the door! Think how surprised your friends will be when you first open the door to disclose this cute built-in vanity.—*Carol Nelson, Atwater, Minn.*

\$1 will be paid for each
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SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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with royal blue and
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Cheerfully chirping on
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DOES YOUR VOICE CHARM?

(Continued from page 18)

Once you get into the swing of breathing for your voice, and using body plus a relaxed throat when talking, you won't even have to stop and think. Its very naturalness carries you along.

And here's one more point. Train your voice to be expressive. It's the basis of charm. At the best party of your life, if you're having a good time, let it show in your voice. Concentrate on all the funny and happy things and let them animate what you say.

When the situation gets a bit tense—as a misunderstanding in the family, or meeting your boy-friend's family or your hero's best girl—don't try too cheery a voice. It's likely to go childish. Take a comfortable, deep breath and speak with a low, soft voice. Quiet, gracious composure is more natural and a lot easier, and gives you an air of self-assurance.

That firm voice is good when you want to carry your point. When you mean what you say, sound it. Keep your head, because dignity is your cue.

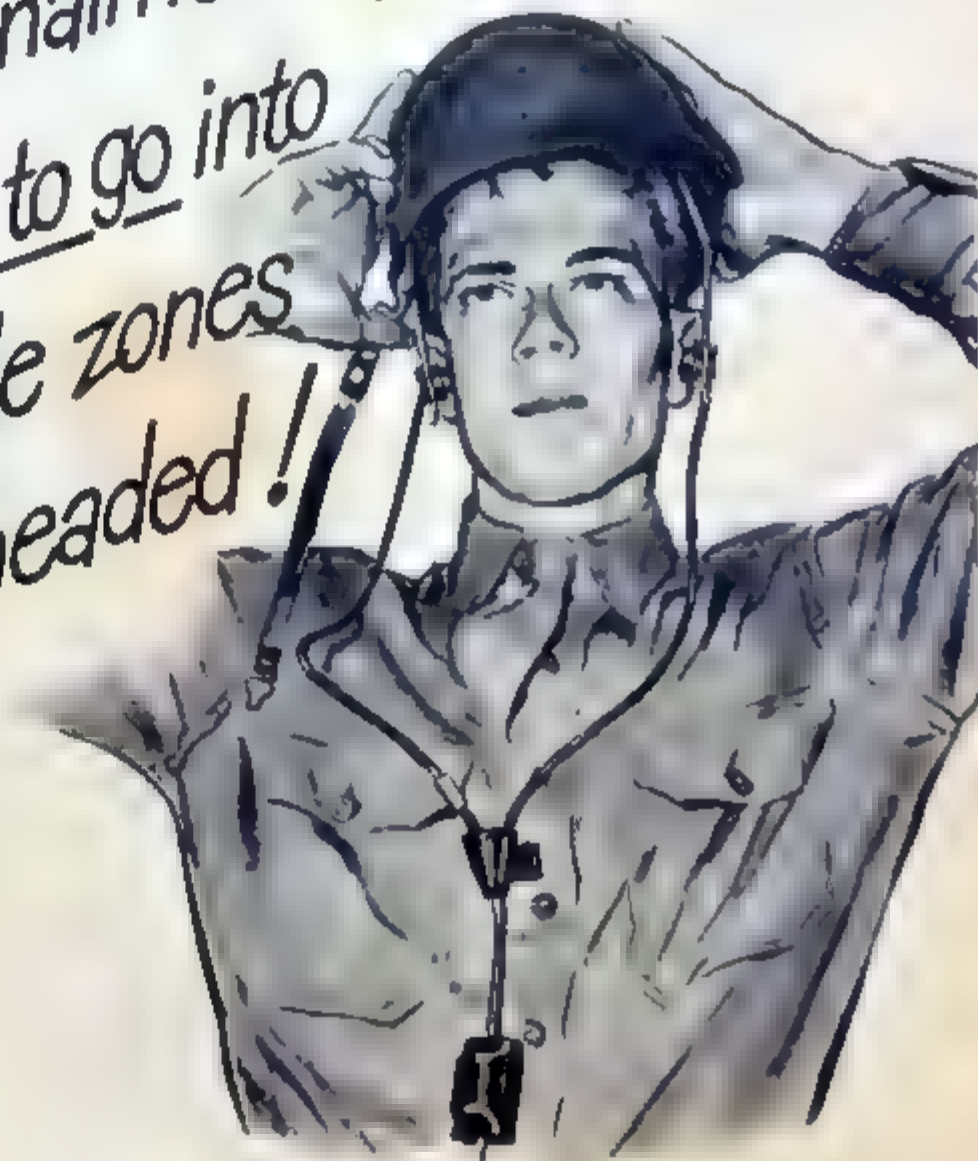
Mouthing your words, grimacing, and chattering aimlessly will never make a good-looking Boy Scout tell you what he is doing to help win the war. But a direct gaze and a voice of genuine interest will bring forth confidence from girls and boys, young and old. And how they love to have a sympathetic companion!

When your friends begin to tell you they like your telephone voice—no eye-rod to ease the situation—you may know you're rolling along on the ear-road to charm.

Author Crystal Waters is a well-known voice teacher of New York City who has taught stage, screen, concert, opera, radiostars.



*Signalmen
used to go into
battle zones
bareheaded!*



It's their job to "get the message through."

They didn't stop just because steel helmets wouldn't come down over old-style telephone headsets.

But the Signal Corps wanted them protected. So their engineers, working with Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric, devised new headsets that

have small receivers no larger than your finger-tip.

These fit snugly under the helmet. With special earplugs, they keep out the noise of gunfire and give better reception. This is only one of the many things the Bell Laboratories and Western Electric are making now to help our soldiers on the fighting fronts.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY ESSENTIAL CALLS

When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*.



FOOTLOOSE. She'll have plenty of time to be fancy free if she keeps on bucking like a horse. Toe dancing is a solo performance and kicking up heels is just a phrase when it comes to a dance floor. Her feet aren't on the ground!



GRUESOME TWOSOME. Innocent spectators wish they had a nice safe foxhole to escape to when these jive bombers start throwing their weight wildly around on a crowded, pocket-edition dance floor where space is rationed.



CLAP HAPPY. Wonderful dance, wonderful dancer, wonderful dance orchestra—so she applauds like mad. Can't much blame her, but it's against the rules. The boy should be the clapper, the girl just beams to show approval.

Use Your Head when you

By ELENA CHANCE

Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's

LET'S sit this one out" can be Flattery, Inc., but if you hear it too often, you'd better look into our gallery of dancing drips and see if there's more method than love to his madness!

On account of dancing is the teen crowd's favorite indoor sport and on account of it's lots of fun anyway, invest in good-time insurance by mastering the art of everything from Susie Q. to Samba. With a reputation for being a good dancer, a smooth dresser, and hep to dance-floor do's and don'ts, like Abou Ben Adams', your name will lead the rest—when it comes to invitation lists for parties and dances.

50



OH, FOR SWEET SILENCE! She thinks she sounds heart-meltingly Dinah Shore-ish. But he thinks that Judy Canova and Martha Raye would make an angel duet compared to her bleating. He asked her to cut a rug, not croon a tune.



SIGNAL CORPSE. Her future with this dancing partner will have about as much chance as a Nazi in Russia if he sees what she's doing. She got her signals mixed when she forgot a partner in the hand's worth two on the stag line.



DRESSED TO KILL. Honest, we've seen them at dances! Sure, hanging's too good for them. With all the schmaltzy dance jobs made-to-teen order, look at what these weird sisters did to themselves! They'll never be male-order girls

dance



PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED. He's frothing at the mouth: the last dance and she's beating it out with another lad. First and last dances, at least, go to her date. He paid for the tickets and the flowers and the transportation.

Are You in the Know?

Would you wear this number for

- ☐ School
- ☐ Dating
- ☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when*? But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital*. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines spoil your style.



WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN
WE WILL MEET AGAIN?



Copyright
Mayfair Music Corp.

The name of this song is . . .

- ☐ You'll Never Know
- ☐ Day In—Day Out
- ☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're sure of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special safety center that sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

Did this girl score . . .

- ☐ A hit
- ☐ An ace
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THE MYSTERY OF THE THIEVING SPOOKS

(Continued from page 36)

strike just as they entered?

Dave thrust the door against the inner wall and entered the room. Swiftly he turned the flashlight on every corner.

The giant Spook wasn't in any of the rooms. Jill suggested they look for the secret staircase.

Propping the flashlight on the dresser in the bedroom, Jill and Dave went to work, pounding, pressing, and pushing for hidden springs while Babs and Ronnie searched for a sliding wall panel.

"It can't be here," Dave said at length, mopping his brow as he came out of the closet. "We'll have to try the living room."

Just as Babs picked up the flashlight, a sudden scuffling noise overhead startled her, and she let go of the handle. The light went out and they were plunged into darkness.

"Jill, you're right," Dave said. "The Spooks are up there. Quick! Where's the light? I hope it didn't break."

The sound of the bedroom door shutting with a click brought a startled "Oh!" from Jill.

"The door!" Babs cried. "Somebody shut it." She stumbled to it and rattled the handle frantically. "It's locked!"

Then something white, like a wispy cloud of smoke, swirled overhead. As they all watched, the thing began to take shape, whirling and twisting in the most ghostly manner. Faster, more frenzied it grew. Suddenly the haze cleared and a head appeared. A man's head, the face heavily bearded and the eyes staring through space.

The lips parted and in a voice, like one from the grave, it spoke:

"I am the spirit of Ignatius Matthew Ecks. In life I warned you of the peril that lurks in this house. No mortal can defy the departed souls and there are many, many like me within these walls. B-e-g-o-n-e . . ."

The words trailed off in a whisper and the head vanished

from sight, dissolving into the black space from which it came.

Dave had found the flashlight, but the door still remained locked. "That was no more a ghost than I am," he said.

"Not a ghost!" Babs exclaimed. "But we just saw Mr. Ecks. Yet Mr. Ecks is dead."

"Sure he is," Dave conceded. "But that was a trick."

"Look!" Jill cried suddenly, pointing to the door.

Inch by inch the door was opening. Nobody moved or dared breathe. They just waited, wondering what was on the other side. At last the door stood wide open. There was nobody there.

"Oh!" Babs breathed with relief.

"The Spooks again," whispered Ronnie.

Dave stepped through the doorway. "Come on, we're going to find that staircase. The Spooks are up there, all right!"

They quit the bedroom and began tapping the rear wall of the living room, listening after each knock for a hollow sound within the wall. They worked toward the large cabinet standing against the center of the wall. Tap . . . Listen . . . Tap . . . Listen . . . The cabinet blocked their way. But when they tried to move it, it would not budge. Examining it, Dave found that it was clamped to the wall and the floor.

"Now why in blazes . . ." he puzzled.

"This would make a swell entrance to a hidden staircase," Ronnie said brightly. "Nobody would ever suspect."

"But Mr. Ecks showed us the trick back," Babs reminded him. "And there was no staircase."

"I wonder . . ." Jill stepped inside the cabinet. The spring that opened the secret compartment, as she recalled, was near the top. She found it after a few minutes of groping. With a faint click a door flew open.

(To be concluded)

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 16)

When you come to think of it, isn't it a miracle that one person can really understand another? Each one of us has his or her own thoughts and feelings and has lived under very different conditions. Our characters are not alike, nor do we want everybody to be alike.

My girl-friend is lots of fun, but she always is lying. Could you help me to get her to stop this?—Joan B., aged 13, Illinois.

JOAN'S friend would be glad to know that she is "lots of fun," and Joan's wish to help her to be her best self is a further proof of her friendship and affection. Joan probably likes a great many other things about her friend.

There are many reasons why some young people find it hard to stick to truth-telling at all times. We can mention only a few. Certain children have less

help in learning to distinguish between the true and the make-believe. Imagination is a fine and useful gift, but it must be rightly used and wisely directed. How much that is fine and inspiring, in poetry, art, music, drama, and invention, we owe to creative imagination! But we all know people who have a tendency to let their fantasies run away with them.

Some girls and boys who say things which are untrue have poor memories for facts. Time, effort, and experiences in remembering are needed. Then, there are those who make up tall stories—without always meaning to—because they just love to sound "big." Or they are competing with others, not realizing that they can be respected and loved by developing their own personalities instead. Children younger than Joan sometimes lie to escape severe punishment or to get attentions which they feel are

lacking and which they want.

We have no way of knowing whether some of these are the causes for the difficulties of Joan's friend. We hope very much that those nearest to her—her own family—will have many opportunities to help her to understand herself so that she may learn to measure up as a trustworthy, responsible person. And we hope, too, that she has many reasons for knowing that she is loved, wanted, and respected as a fine young person. Joan can show her that she admires her excellent qualities, and Joan can be understanding, patient, and good-humored, distinguishing between any little occasional, thoughtless "fibs" and the more serious untruths, which her friend must learn to give up for her own sake and that of others. We all have our difficulties. Joan would probably readily agree that good friends must be mutually forgiving and mutually tolerant.

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JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT



"Fixing trays is more fun than preparing meals for the table," says Lettie Gay's daughter, Sally.
William Ward Photo

Tray Time

Here are some ideas on how to make meals in bed attractive—to a patient, or to a mother getting some extra luxury

By LETTIE GAY
Junior Housekeeping Editor

KNOCK, knock," or rather "Klump, klump." Sally banged at my bedroom door with her foot, and then came in, a little breathless, for she was carrying my breakfast tray.

"I rather like having you sick in bed," she grinned at me, "just so it doesn't last too long. It's fun getting meals with no one else in the kitchen."

"And I rather like being sick

so I can enjoy such good service," said I.

"Fixing trays is more fun than getting meals for the table," was Sally's next comment, "but if you are going to be sick very long, you'll have to move downstairs nearer the kitchen. This tray is heavy!"

"When I'm well again, I'll show you where our special tray china is kept. It's lighter than these dishes we use on the table and all the pieces are small so they don't crowd the tray. But I'm glad you found

the tray with folding legs, for I don't feel too much like balancing food on my lap this morning."

A tray with legs is better than one without legs to serve to a person sitting up in bed. But whether the tray has legs or not, it must be clean. Trays have a way of collecting a great deal of dust in between the times they are used. So, the first step in fixing up a tray is to start with a pan of soapy water and a good scrub brush to reach into all the corners and cracks.

Then find a nice neat tray cloth to make a pretty background for the dishes. A place mat from a luncheon set is usually a good size for a tray, or a square napkin may be folded to fit the tray. Beware of corners or ends of the cloth which hang over the tray. They are deceptive as to the real size of the tray and may lead to spilled food.

Select china which will look pleasant to a sick person. No cracked or chipped pieces, please, and no towering tea or coffee pots which look alarmingly tottery to the helpless one in bed. Use the smallest bouillon cup instead of a large soup bowl for clear or cream soup. Find the tiniest cream pitcher and the smallest salt and pepper shakers.

In most cases, people who are being served in bed enjoy their food more if the servings are small and dainty. So never overload a sick person's dinner plate, but give him a second helping if he wants it. Fix all the food in bite-size portions. It is easier to eat and makes for fewer crumbs in bed. Toast, for instance, is more appetizing and easier to handle if the slice is halved or quartered before toasting. If there is cake, cut it

in small squares. Tiny bread-and-butter sandwiches are usually welcomed by a sick person because they are so easy to eat: Put two thin bread slices together with butter or margarine, place flat on a wooden board, trim off all crusts, and then cut into four tiny squares.

Soup, meat, and vegetables should be served as hot as you can manage. Preheat the soup cup by first filling with hot water. Warm the dinner plate under running hot water, wipe dry, serve the food on the plate, and cover with an inverted bowl (warmed also) or a dome cover.

Of course, before you prepare food for a really sick person you must find out what foods are allowed and what must be omitted. Raw fruits might be fine for the person with a head cold, but very bad for some one with a digestive upset. Here are a few simple dishes that appeal to most patients.

SOFT-COOKED EGG

Use a small saucepan filled with boiling water deep enough to cover an egg—about 2 cups of water. Slip the egg carefully off the end of a tablespoon into the boiling water, cover, and remove from heat. Leave the egg in the hot water for from 5 to 8 minutes, depending on the size of the egg and how "soft" it is to be. Five minutes is long enough to cook a small or medium egg so that it is only slightly runny when broken; 7 or 8 minutes cooks a larger egg. An egg cooked this way—some people call it "coddled"—is evenly done and tender all the way through. It may be served in an egg cup, or on toast instead of the better-known but more difficult to prepare poached egg.

MILK TOAST

Heat a cup of milk in a saucepan just until it begins to steam. Don't let it boil. Add pinch of salt. Pour over two pieces of white bread toasted and buttered. Serve this way or break on it a soft-cooked egg. Sprinkle with salt, and serve piping hot. This makes a delicious supper

in bed for someone who is "too tired to eat."

A LONG, COOL DRINK

For someone who has been ordered on a liquid diet and who is tired of soup and milk, stir up this grape-lemonade.

- 1 cup grape juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- 2 teaspoons sugar or more if needed

1—Get out the ingredients and utensils needed: pitcher, stirring spoon, lemon squeezer, measuring cup and spoon.

2—Squeeze the half-lemon and mix the grape and lemon juice together in a pitcher. Add sugar and sweeten to taste, remembering that after fruit juice is iced it will taste less sweet. Now, pour over crushed ice in a tall glass and serve with sippers. More fun to suck it through a straw and easier if the patient doesn't feel like sitting up.

Very often, after a patient has been on liquid diet for a while, the doctor suggests a fruit gelatine as the first attempt at solid food. It must be made at least a half-day before needed to give it time to set. A soft gelatine is often more pleasant to eat than one on the stiff side.

SOFT ORANGE GELATINE

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons granulated gelatin
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water
- 1 cup sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice

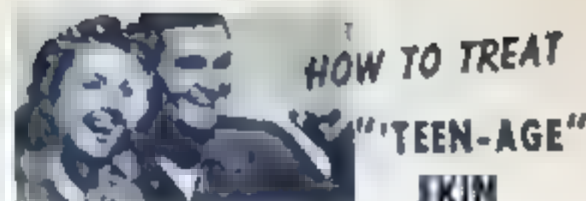
1—Get out ingredients and utensils needed: 2 medium saucepans, measuring cup and spoon, orange squeezer.

2—Measure the gelatine into one saucepan, cover with cold water, and allow to soak for 20 minutes.

3—Heat fresh water to boiling, pour over soaked gelatine, and stir until dissolved.

4—Add sugar and fruit juice and pour into individual molds or dessert dishes or a large serving dish. If you place a silver spoon in glass before pouring in hot liquid, the glass is not so apt to break.

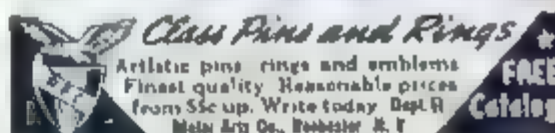
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MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 5)

denly in her brain. *Barnett!* She had seen that name written in Mr. Blake's spidery writing—"... that smart, wily fellow Barnett, the one I met in..."

Surely... But no, it was fantastic, Connie told herself. The utterly terrific idea that had just popped into her head simply couldn't be true. But why couldn't it? Wasn't it possible—just barely possible—that Mr. Blake had left some sort of message in the old harmonium about where his money was? Everyone had been so sure he had had a great deal, but none of it had turned up after his death. Why? Because he had hidden it, maybe. And that could be the reason he had always told Mrs. Blake to take care of the harmonium. And perhaps this man—this Barnett—had found out somehow about the message, and had come to obtain it for himself.

Connie pulled herself together. She really must be crazy. Cap was undoubtedly right.

Just then a woman said, "A dollar and a half!" And added to her neighbor, "It might be fun to have it in our game room."

Instantly the sharp masculine voice said, "Five dollars!"

Connie stared at him. An old harmonium certainly wasn't worth five dollars, unless... Well, suppose there was a message in it, and this man bought it, and Mrs. Blake never had a chance to look for a note?

There wasn't time to think sensibly. There wasn't time to stop and consider. She had to give her hunch a chance.

"Five dollars and twenty-five cents!" Connie said loudly.

Cap grabbed her arm. "Hey!"

"Listen," she whispered fiercely, "I know this sounds crazy, but please keep bidding, will you? I have an idea and—there isn't time to explain it now, but it's important. Honestly. I have to find out something, and we can't let that man buy the harmonium until I do."

"But..." Cap eyed her blank-

ly, and Connie could hear the auctioneer saying, "Five dollars and twenty-five cents. Who'll make it ten?" There was a stirring of interest in the crowd.

"We won't buy it really," she said hastily, under her breath. She must make him agree to help her. "He can have it—but not yet. You just keep raising him, no matter how high he goes. Just add twenty-five cents each time." And before Cap could open his mouth to argue she slipped out of his grasp and slithered through the crowd.

She knew where the harmonium was, and just how she was going to get to it without being seen. If only Cap would manage to do his part.

her allowance to the auctioneer for years. Years and years. And Cap not speaking to her all that time. Or maybe they'd put Cap in jail.

She shook herself and tried the knob of the back door. It didn't turn. Oh, but it had to. She had taken for granted that the whole house would be open today.

Faintly she heard an angry "Twenty dollars!" And after a long moment Cap's voice, cracking in the middle, said "Twenty dollars and twenty-five cents."

Cap wasn't letting her down. That settled it. She had to get in somehow. Her eyes traveled up and down the wall of the house and suddenly caught sight of a window on the second floor open a few inches. But it was so high up. How could she...? Of course, the rose trellis came to within a few feet of it, but surely that wouldn't hold her weight. And if she fell with a loud crash and was arrested for breaking and entering—or whatever they called it...

Connie found herself on the third rung of the trellis, her hands grasping lattice and thorns indiscriminately. It felt as if it might hold her. She might as well go on up.

Within a few feet of the top, the bar her feet were on broke, and the sharp crack sounded like a pistol shot in her ears. She hung suspended for one awful moment, her feet feeling wildly for a new hold, her heart as still as if it had stopped.

"Seventy-five dollars!" shouted a furious voice, and Connie's feet landed on a rung and she steadied herself. She must be right. Nobody—except Mrs. Blake herself—could ever want a harmonium that badly.

"Seventy-five dollars and twenty-five cents." Cap's voice was thin and it had a hollow sound.

There. Now she could touch the sill of the open window. She moved up one more rung, pushed the window higher with

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Out on the front porch she turned and ran around the side of the house toward the back door. She could be wrong, she reminded herself. Maybe the strange Barnett was just a collector of old harmoniums. And maybe he'd get discouraged about this one and make Cap buy it for some enormous figure. Connie wondered if it was a crime to bid more money than you could pay. Maybe she'd find herself in jail, or handing over

one hand while she clung to the trellis with the other, and a moment later—afterward she was never quite sure how she had made it—she was inside.

She knew her way around the old house and it took only a few seconds to slip carefully down the back stairs and through the kitchen and dining room into the library. There stood the harmonium, strangely out of place among the elegant furnishings.

With hands that shook, Connie lifted the hinged top and peered inside. No—nothing there except strings and dust. She didn't even know what she was looking for. Would it be a small piece of paper? Perhaps words written somewhere on the harmonium itself? Or nothing? Just nothing at all.

She took one more look and then shut the top. There must be some place else. Perhaps the little shelf made to stand music on, there in the front—perhaps it lifted up. Connie grasped it and bent over, tugging.

And from the living room came, "One hundred dollars." The voice wasn't even furious now. It was cold and hard like ice, or steel.

The words were followed by so long a silence that Connie, holding her breath, felt the blood pounding in her head at the strain. Even the auctioneer seemed to have been shocked into speechlessness. But finally he managed, "One hundred dollars I'm bid." He waited another minute and then he said, "Going at one hundred dollars. Going at..."

"Cap!" Connie whispered desperately. "Don't give up now! Give me just a minute more."

"For the third time—going at one hundred dollars!"

And then a feeble voice, scarcely more than a whisper, came through the hush. "One hundred dollars and twenty-five cents."

Connie went suddenly limp with relief. But she caught herself and straightened up. And as she came erect the music ledge raised up in her hands.

Connie fell to her knees and



At the door Cap paused. "I still think you're crazy," he said, grinning at Connie.

peered at the little black cave that had been exposed. A moment later her hands were drawing out a package—a fat, dusty package of many crackling papers tied together. Connie had seen bonds often enough to recognize them now.

Almost without knowing it she was on her feet, out through the kitchen, and had let herself out the back door. Then she tore around the house and, scratched and bedraggled, entered again at the front.

Mr. Barnett had just said, "One hundred and seventy-five dollars." And Cap was staring at him, little drops of perspiration on his lip.

Connie touched his arm and he jumped. "You can stop now," she murmured. "Let him buy it. Mrs. Blake will get it back later."

"Hello, puss," said Mayor Martin when he returned for dinner that evening. "I've got good news. They called off the Blake auction about an hour after it started—hardly anything at all had been sold. Don't know what happened, but it

must have been something pretty special. Tried to telephone you about it when I first heard—I knew you'd be delighted."

"I wasn't at home," Connie murmured demurely.

"Oh, that's right—there was a big game this afternoon."

Cap rose from the big chair where he had been concealed and addressed the mayor respectfully.

"Your daughter was not at the game, sir. She—we-uh—we had other things to do. And now I think I will run along and see if I can find out what the score was."

But at the door he paused and turned back toward a smiling Connie and a puzzled mayor. "I still think you're crazy," he said, but he grinned happily at her before he disappeared.

Connie grinned back, and then she laid her cheek against her father's. "You positively may not read the paper tonight at dinner," she told him, "because I have the most marvelous, wonderful, thrilling story to tell you. Come on—I can't wait any longer to begin."

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TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR PARENTS

(Continued from page 13)

begin to earn money because that is one of the neatest ways to find out what money can lure, cure, or defeat. They have to choose whether to be haphazard spenders or plan-aheaders. They have to weigh immediate pleasures against long-time satisfactions, just as parents do.

All of us have to decide what to do with our leisure time. We even have to decide whether to have leisure time or to grind at a job every waking hour. We have to choose friends and sometimes unchoose them. We have to make the far-reaching decision as to what kind of music or art or books to enjoy—if any—and then pay the price of becoming a great enjoyer. Young and old, all of us these days have to find security in the midst of constant change, which means we have to get some sort of religious hold on life. We have to decide What or Who supports the universe and how we can share the spiritual resources which seem to be available.

Don't lean too hard. Since we are all people together and all have our hands full making a good job, a swell adventure, out of living, then it isn't fair to lean too hard on parents. Why should they have to remind you of your homework? They have homework of their own. Why should they need to urge a share of the housework on you? Multiply three meals by four persons, subtract the maid, add a cleaning woman—who has to be paid—and decide whether your father should have to call you six times every morning or not.

Portable battery or dynamo—which? A great many girls never get out of the portable battery stage. Their parents "charge" them with ideas and ideals, with education and habits. Even when physically grown, they live on that parental charge. Take Miss Effie. Sixty-eight years old and living alone in a big green house, she does everything the way Mam-

ma did it. She doesn't trust the grocer to give her the right change, nor does she contribute to rummage sales or eat cabbage, because Papa Judge never trusted or contributed or ate thus. Small wonder that she lives alone and thinks the world is full of static. She's still running on her parents' batteries.

But Marilyn now, she lives in the same town. Fifteen years old and her own dynamo. She is her own alarm clock when it comes to getting the family breakfast; her own school bell when it comes to lessons, classes, and all the rest. She staked out the family Victory garden, kidded her father into spading the back yard, and helped her twelve-year-old brother start an enterprising business of furnishing lettuce, radishes, onions, and tomatoes to six families. No loud whirr about Marilyn, but energy well in hand when needed. Are her parents proud or are they proud? They seldom give her "orders" because she's a jump ahead. She doesn't have to "mind her mother" because each understands that the other is a responsible citizen in the greatest democratic institution in America—the family.

On your own. It's true, you didn't ask to be born, but if you're looking on life as the great adventure it is, you'll be grateful to your parents for giving you a chance to share in it. You do indeed have your own life to live, but you can save yourself a few hard knocks by taking tips from your parents. And no one ever made a good life alone. You have to have people in your life, and parents are people. They get lonely and discouraged; they thrive on appreciation. And appreciation is seldom a one-way flow. If you can get along happily with parents, you can get along with anybody! Once you begin to understand the way life looks to them, you can meet them on their own ground. Which is adult ground. And common ground.

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29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
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39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
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46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
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